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CHRISTINE NILSSON IN AMERICA.

THE singing of Christine Nilsson is an event not only in the world of music but in that of art in America. The presence of a great artist is an inspiration as well as a delight; it is as valuable for what it suggests as for what it shows. The painter who has looked upon the sybils of Michael Angelo is no longer the same painter he was before; in that moment he has taken a leap in growth which years of study could not have given him. So, when the echoes of this wonderful voice shall have ceased to vibrate among us, we shall discover that a great teacher as well as a great enchantress has been with us.

"He that has loved the body of Alcibiades has not loved Alcibiades." The great fault of our infant American art is that it has given the form pre-eminence over the soul. It would not controvert this to show that we have at least one sculptor in whose works the ideal, so long absent from marble, is reproduced; that some of our landscape painters have not only lured to our shores the spirit of true Art, but have even cleared new highways for her to walk in; for we have shown, both by public and private acts, that we do not yet as a people understand the immense superiority of the works in question to the great mass of com-

mon and popular achievements in the same departments. This is eminently true of our taste and standards in music. Force, animation, dexterity—these are the excellences most applauded among us. Nor need the intelligent critic, the travelled student, protest against this statement. Let him watch the demands for "*encore*" in the next concert-room, and remember that these strictures apply to the masses, and not to exceptional individuals. Even admitting that the little circle which every city possesses, of professed lovers of the higher and more complex forms of music, are all sincere and discriminating in their regard, the number is yet infinitely small beside that of those who would greatly prefer the simplest popular ballad to the masterpieces of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. And the masses are in the main right, notwithstanding the satirical berating they occasionally receive from the elect. They will have life—life in its myriad varieties; they will laugh, they will cry, they will be sad or glad; they will steadily reject that which is meaningless to them. For one can get some kind of pabulum out of a very inexpressive rendering of "Home, Sweet Home"; after the first few words, the universal sympathies and associations it awakens

are sufficient to enchain the interest, to blunt the ear; but Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, rendered mechanically, are but the "words, words" of music—inexpressibly wearisome to the soul. If, therefore, the artist would have an audience rise above the simplest and commonest music, he must bridge the chasm between them and the great musicians. Shakspeare interests the clodpole as well as the critic; and the great masters in music are comprehensible by the untutored many as by the learned few: they must be so, since they struck the great universal chords of the human heart; but then they must be rendered justly—translated by a genius almost as rarely appreciative as theirs is creative. And it is just here that music among us is most deficient: it lacks expression. Nowhere, not even in Italy perhaps, is there a greater harvest of fine voices than in America; yet how seldom do we produce a great singer! Sweet notes, great feats, are common enough; but lyric power is—how rare! We have thousands of *performers on the piano-forte*; how few have we who can make the instrument itself a great voice expressing poetic ideas!

Not long ago, in a retired *salon* of Paris, a young American prodigy, escorted to the piano by a great flourish of trumpets among her own countrymen, sat down and played an overture and *fantasia* from a popular opera. This young person was, it seemed, a marvel of persistent and indefatigable application—practicing nearly ten hours a day. And the result appeared in some respects to justify the means. What velocity! what brilliancy! what force! what energetic conquest of obstacles! what heroic runs! what indescribable and matchless trillings! It was like a superhuman attempt to conquer the rebellious demon of the piano-forte; and at the close of the applause which marked the successful termination of the stormy combat, a sacred calm fell

upon the audience. Responding to the beck of the hostess, a young lady walked to the piano, and after a few preluding notes began the "Fileuse"—the *Spindel-Lied* of Mendelssohn. Still as was the room, far stiller was that into which the company involuntarily entered, where a maiden sat spinning—spinning and dreaming. What delicious fancies! what ecstatic reveries!—fruits of the golden age of the imagination and the dreaming-time of the heart. A step sounds on the threshold—a young man enters: what passion and tenderness in those tones! what tremulous sweetness in the replies! Still the player played; and no one looked at his neighbor and said, "It is fine, is it not?—magnificent that!" They had all entered the Land of Romance by the portals of music. Nor was it till the master's poem was completed, and the musician, pausing a moment, shook a host of capricious trills from her wayward fingers before she rose, that one remarked the exquisite clearness and precision of the touch—as it were the falling of crystal upon ivory.

It is from such a school as this—a school which, while most finished in technicalities, has subordinated them everywhere to the expression of thought—that Christine Nilsson comes to us. She comes upon the stage and gives a quick, cordial, sympathetic recognition of her audience; not the formal salute of a stranger, nor the forced smile of a siren. It is most like the poet's welcome of the Gentle Reader, whom he is created to delight, yet through whose sympathy he exists. Then a shadow crosses the mobile face; the lips quiver, and the whole frame seems moved by some strong emotion; a sweet thrilling note penetrates the air: "*Connais-tu le pays?*" Ah! know'st thou that land, thou Mignon that in the midst of a prosaic life art ever haunted by dim suggestions of a more full and fair existence? These stately halls over which hang the warm blue heaven of the South—

these orange groves, filling with fragrance the enchanted twilight—are these but will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination, or rather intimations of a grandeur which the childhood of thy spirit knew—foretastes of the felicity to which it may aspire? O heart! beat not so fast that ecstasy should be half a pain! eyes, dim not so with tears that their mists obscure these splendors! for soon the orange groves grow dim, the halls darken, the golden gates re-close; there is a tempest of applause,—and it is no longer Mignon, but Nilsson, standing on the lighted stage, the joy of utterance in her expressive face, the rapture of creation in her eyes. And what wonderful eyes!—clear and cold and steadfast as those Northern skies that bent over her childhood. Suddenly athwart them flashes a light like the Aurora across the Scandinavian heaven—an incomparable brilliancy, a radiance which seems to stream outward, transfiguring her whole countenance and investing her whole form with a wild, peculiar beauty. And when it slowly fades, you see in their transparent depths the strange, mysterious shadow of the pine, that wizard of Nature, whose mantle of melancholy belongs to the boldest child of the adventurous North, and whose spell is never to be shaken off by those to whom he has whispered in infancy. These, therefore, are the eyes of Ophelia, so innocent and yet so distraught, so overwhelmed by a destiny too complex for that simple heart. “In your sports I would fain take part,” says the sweet, faltering, thrilling voice, as the poor little maiden heart trembles into girlish joy at the approach of Spring, at the beauty of Nature in her old haunts, where once she wandered, the dreamy, happy child of Elsinore. Pansies, rosemary, and columbines,—they have a language which comes nearer to this broken heart than the jangling speech of men. The next moment, all the irremediable misery of the time that is “out of joint” re-

turns to overwhelm her brain with anguish for which death is the only anodyne.

And to one who has seen Nilsson portray the madness of Ophelia, the broken heart of Lucia, the inextinguishable regret of Violetta, what a revelation was her Cherubino! Ah! who that heard her sing Cherubino in London—when the magnificent orchestra, the powerful support, and the sympathetic presence of the finest musical public in the world, combined to kindle the flame of her genius to its highest intensity—can forget the impression then made by her presence not less than by her voice? Did Mozart, even in the rapture of his first glimpses of that airy, tricky, yet most human Ariel, ever conceive a more witching shape than that which she assumed? “*Voi che sapete*”—in what death-like stillness the silver notes of that delicious romanza floated out upon the air! Tell me, tell me, “you that know” what indeed is the first dawn of love in the heart, whether this was not its most perfect expression? There was little applause while she sang; stamping and clapping seemed for the moment out of place; but people rose up by an irresistible impulse, and sat down again hardly conscious of either action; and even the incorrigible *gamins* of the shilling gallery forgot the beer-pots at their feet, and leaned far forward, with something shining in their eyes that may have been the first pure delight kindled there by strains more elevated than those of the music halls and the Alhambra. When she left the stage for the last time, what uncontrollable enthusiasm recalled her! what a storm of plaudits shook the walls of Drury Lane! and with what unconcealed pleasure she received it, giving back joy for joy,—radiant, smiling, jubilant, that harmony should so triumph! Ah, then and there she was Music's own, and all its enchantments were around her.

Yet how little her genius depended on such aid for its expression, she

showed two years after, when she stood in a concert-room of a great city on the Western prairies, and to the accompaniment of the piano alone sang a little negro ballad, "Way down upon the Suwanee River." She has learned—nay, how much of her greatness lies in the fact that she *has* learned—the lesson of the poet—"If thou wouldst have me weep, thou thyself must first grieve": so at that moment one could not doubt that her heart was in the little hamlet of Smoland.

"All round the little farm I wandered,  
When I was young.  
Many the happy hours I squandered,  
Many the songs I sung.  
When I was playing with my brother,  
Happy was I"—

What infinite pathos she put into these simple words! Why, this was not the Suwanee River—this was the child Nilsson wandering in the forests of Sweden; this was the elder brother who had first wakened the voice of song in her soul with the rhapsodies of his violin.

"All the world am dark and dreary"—

this was no longer the lament of the poor old slave—this was Genius singing to the World! And who could doubt that, "wearied in the greatness of her way"—by the feverish exaltations not less than by the inevitable depressions attendant on powers as fine and variable as hers—to those pine woods and mountains, to those simple hearts that loved her before she was famous and would love her as faithfully when she should cease to be so, her heart was "turning ever," even from the allurements of Paris and the splendors of London? And we who turned thither with her, saw the scenery shift, the colors change; it was no longer her home, but ours, at which we found ourselves; and the "old folks" were not Swedish, who greeted us there. O "kind old mother," still sitting by the hearth, so long waiting for the boy that does not return!—O brother, with whom we

shall play no more till the gates of heaven open!—to you we turned, constrained by the spell of that sweet singing; and when the wonderful minstrel had finished, she was greeted by the silence of tears: what greater triumph could we have accorded her?

This, then, is the secret of her power, the corner-stone of her greatness: a most rare appreciation, a most faithful expression, of the thought embodied in music; she gives us not only the body but the soul of song. And as to thoroughly appreciate a great poet is said to demand a genius hardly less than that of the poet himself, this delicate comprehension of the great musicians implies in her a rare and peculiar genius, akin to theirs. She is the poet of musicians, and every song of hers seems to demand from her, in mastering and reproducing its true spirit, a distinct creative effort second only to that of its composer. In fidelity to her ideal, she is as remarkable for what she does *not* do as for what she does. She does not seek to dazzle or amaze, sending a note to the upper sky and trilling it there till all enjoyment of sound is lost in admiration of the ingenuity of the exploit. When she sings "Angels ever bright and fair," she does not come down from the gates of Paradise whither her listener has followed her, to execute vocal pirouettes; nor turn an invocation to celestial messengers into a challenge for the admiration of mortals. Her bearing, too, is in harmony with the best music; it is natural, noble, devoid of an unworthy self-consciousness. Even the slight touch of haughtiness occasionally apparent, is refreshing after the too long sway of the Zerlina type of manners in opera and concert; all the unbewitching witcheries, the forced coquetties which so many prima donnas affect, are as much disdained by her as the whole system of musical pyrotechnics. Great as is her magnetic power, intense as is her individuality, she has never



allowed the singer to eclipse the song; she has magnified her art above herself, and Art has repaid her. When she has left us, Juliet, Ophelia, Mignon, will live for us in music as they have heretofore lived for us in literature, and the love she has awakened for them shall flow back to her.

The limits of her genius are not difficult to define. The pathetic, the romantic even to the borders of the weird, love, regret, longing,—these are her province. Her voice awakens reverie, aspiration, but seldom passion. In certain kinds of music she produces in her listener a peculiar state of exaltation which hints a near approach to the region of the Sublime; but her powers find their true place in the wider domain of the Beautiful.

For her voice itself, he will fail to penetrate its charm who begins by defining the qualities in which it surpasses that of others. It is not of extraordinary volume, of great force. But it is unique—there is no other like it. Other singers succeed her, and you say that this voice is rich and sweet, and that is clear and powerful,—in short, one is a rose and another a lily; but Nilsson's is more like the

century plant, that blooms but once in an age. It has in it notes such as were never heard on sea nor shore—sounds which recall nothing so much as the bugle-song of Tennyson:

"O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going;  
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

To him for whom her exquisite touch has opened the Region of Romance, "the holy land of song," she will remain not only a memory but an inspiration; to him no praise will seem exaggerated. To that other who marvels that this sketch should prefer eulogy to criticism, it might be replied that nothing advances us so far towards the goal of our aspirations as a genuine fit of hearty enthusiasm. But indeed, there is good reason why the critic should say with Cherubino:

"Mi piace  
Languir così."

For, long before the wonderful, pathetic voice shall break or fail, she shall see the fruits of her presence among us; shall count as one of her greenest laurels, that she gave a new musical thought to America.

CHARLES LANDOR.

## SOMETHING ABOUT KANSAS.

TEN years ago, Kansas was admitted as a State into the Union. At that time it was a wilderness of almost unbroken prairie, the hunting-ground of the wild Indian, and the lair of his savage prey. Its position on the map reached far into the territory designated as "the Great American Desert." Its towns were few and unimportant, and its population numbered one person to the square mile; its area being 53,000,000 acres, while its population in 1860 was 107,203. The opening scenes of the great conflict between Freedom and Slavery,

which culminated in the Rebellion, had just been fought out upon its soil; and in addition to the terror inspired by this long-continued civil strife, two years of desolating drought came to invest the Territory with a name of evil augury.

To-day the whole scene is changed,

"As with the stroke of an enchanter's wand,"

Seven lines of railroad, with fifteen hundred miles of track laid, render every inhabited portion of the State accessible to travel; towns and cities have sprung up with a celerity unprecedented even in this age of rapid

settlement, and the census of 1870 shows a population nearly quadrupling that of the last decade. The construction of the various branches of the Pacific Railroad has led to the development of a natural wealth scarcely inferior to that of any other State; and the reports of its rich soil and favorable seasons, spread abroad by writers and travellers who have visited its broad plains, have created so general a desire to share these lavish bounties, that the tide of population flowing in from all parts has grown to one increasing flood.

And the productive capacities of the soil would seem to fully justify the expectations thus generally entertained. At the Pomological Exposition held in Philadelphia in the fall of 1869, the gold medal was awarded to Kansas fruit-growers for the best display of fruit in a collection gathered from all parts of the Union. At every agricultural fair held in Kansas during last fall, the display of live-stock, fruits, grains, and other farm products, elicited the highest encomiums from visitors present from several neighboring States. Commissioner Capron's report, published in January, 1870, shows that, with the exception of California, Kansas leads all the other States in the yield to the acre of wheat, rye, and barley; and in the production of corn and oats it beats all the other States in the Union. In Irish potatoes Kansas stands fourth upon the list—California yielding 165 bushels, Vermont 160, New Hampshire 150, and Kansas 149 bushels to the acre. In the yield of hay, thirty States are included in the Commissioner's report: Iowa ranks first, 1.86 tons per acre; Missouri next, 1.77 tons; and then Kansas, 1.75 tons. On this last head, a Kansas journal remarks: "Perhaps, in no other product does comparison do Kansas so great injustice as in the yield of hay per acre. To put prairie grass against cultivated grasses is like comparing a savage with a civilized being. When

Kansas meadows shall be covered with clover and other tame grasses, the yield will be immensely increased in weight per acre, and will place her pre-eminently ahead of all other grass-growing States."

This showing of the agricultural properties of Kansas soil must certainly be regarded as satisfactory. The question now is, what prospect awaits the varied population who are pouring into the State from all parts of the earth? Political economists lay great stress upon the fact that a community cannot thrive by agricultural industry alone. To raise grain fifteen hundred miles from the seaboard and pay ruinous freight charges for its transportation to an Eastern market, and then to import all the articles needed for the household and the farm from the distant manufacturing cities, is a practice which may be likened to burning the candle at both ends. It reduces the profits of the farmer and materially adds to his cost of living. The value of a farm is measured by the interest it will pay upon the capital invested. Cheap land is no advantage, if its remoteness from a market so reduces the value of its products that the capital and labor of the farmer will not pay him the same profit that is derived by farmers in more eligibly-situated States. While every article that he consumes comes to him at such advanced rates, he finds the discrimination against the products of his industry exactly corresponding with the cost of getting them to market. It is true that the working of this law is not yet felt to its full extent in Kansas. As regards increase and expenditure, the present condition of that State is abnormal. The industry of the population of Kansas is not generally applied to producing value;—all are crazy with the attractions of speculation. Town-sites and fancy building-lots offer more flattering prospects of money-making than the old slow-going methods of useful industry. Horace Greeley says that the

Kansas people are "railway mad," that they are pushing on the construction of railway lines "with reckless rapidity." This is partly due to the rapid extension of population, but more largely to the desire of property-holders to increase the value of their land. In the more newly-settled portions of the State, counties and townships are all emulously voting local aid to secure the building of a railroad to their limits. With the rapid development of the country and the liberal aid extended all along the line, railroad men show great facility in responding to the call. Almost daily railroad celebrations are held in the southern counties, to jubilate over the arrival of the locomotive at some ambitious town. Thousands of visitors are feasted, buncomb addresses made, and the citizens confirmed in their faith that their town or village is destined to become a great commercial and manufacturing centre. Land-seekers are attracted by the hubbub, and verdant speculators rush in from all quarters. Prices go up, building commences with frantic fury, stocks of goods are rushed in and opened out in canvas booths or upon the streets, and a carnival of fiddling and dancing and money-spending reigns for perhaps six weeks. The delusion then vanishes. Some other place, just reached by a railroad, contains more promising elements of future greatness, and a number of the disappointed draw off. In the mean time the town grows slowly; taxes to pay interest upon railway bonds, inflated rates of living, and an agricultural industry carelessly prosecuted, keep the whole community poor.

This speculative fever is a serious impediment to the prosperous growth of Kansas. Land speculation is its great bane. It is a saying in Kansas among travellers that every second man you meet is a land-operator. Every train that enters the State carries a number of these individuals, provided with charts and county maps,

who seize hold of the stranger, determined to have him pick out his location before he leaves the train. At every station touched, fresh relays of these gentry are waiting upon the platform, who appeal to the land-seeker to make his home amongst them, as the advantages they have to offer him are equalled nowhere else in the State. The reckless squandering of the public domain in land-grants to railroad corporations is visiting serious evils upon Kansas. Millions of acres yet remain in their hands. To create a demand for this land, and turn the bounty of the nation into a source of almost endless wealth, every device known to the shrewd and unscrupulous business man is put into practice. Flaming land-journals are published and scattered broadcast through the country, painting Kansas as the Paradise of farmers; offices are opened in our principal cities, and agents sent to Europe, who by appeals to an instinct which seems universal in our race—the desire to possess a home—have succeeded in creating an excitement in the public mind, which these companies are only too prompt to turn to good account. The Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, whose grant extends to twenty miles on both sides of their road, have already three times raised their schedule of prices. Available unimproved land included in this grant is now held at prices ranging from eight to eighteen dollars per acre—a rate which frequently places it beyond the reach of the industrious settler; or, if he buys, holds him in vassalage for a number of years.

There is no doubt that a large share of the many thousands who are flocking into Kansas have their minds filled with exaggerated ideas of the profitable chances that await them. They are told that they have but to buy land to become speedily rich. The price at which good land is offered them confirms them in this belief. Accustomed to seeing farms of poorer quality sold at prices quadrupling

those at which farm lands are offered in Kansas, they make haste to buy. Before long they find this cheapness is only illusory. When to the price of the land is added the cost of necessary improvements—building a house, sinking a well, fencing in, breaking the prairie-sod, planting an orchard, and so on—the difference of the cost between improved and unimproved land becomes less striking. The disadvantages above alluded to, of a reduced market for crops and an enhanced cost of living and labor, must also be taken into consideration. And when to this are added the discomforts to a family of a pioneer life, separation from old friends and neighbors, the present want of schools and church accommodation, and that general rudeness of surrounding nature which characterizes a new and uncultivated country, it will be at once seen that the land-seeker should use due caution before he makes his purchase.

An immense immigration is now setting in in the direction of the Osage lands, which have recently been thrown open to settlement. On the 15th of July, 1870, Congress passed a law providing for the purchase of these lands from the Osages, and for their removal to the Indian Territory; and, profiting by the lesson of the disastrous effects of past legislation, rigorously excluded all chance of land speculation, by restricting its sale in portions not exceeding one hundred and sixty acres, to actual settlers, at the minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. Six months' residence, with certain prescribed improvements, are necessary to establish a claim. This Indian reservation is fifty miles wide, north and south, and about two hundred and forty miles in length, east and west—embracing an area of nearly eight million acres. Its eastern boundary commences at Wilson and Montgomery counties, and then, running to the west line of the State, it takes in the two southernmost tiers of coun-

ties. The soil of the eastern moiety is described as deep and fertile; the prairies smooth and undulating; the streams clear, rapid, and unfailing; and good timber is found along the borders of these water-courses. The advantages offered here for agriculture and stock-raising are probably nowhere excelled—its proximity to the great cattle sources of Texas and the Cherokee lands rendering stock cattle easily obtainable, and its mild winters and vast pasture ranges affording facilities for fattening these animals with trifling care and less expense.

Whether so remote and isolated a mode of life would suit a man accustomed to the bustle and excitement of large cities, is open to question. But the improvement taking place here promises soon to relieve this region of its primitive dreariness. A traveller writing from Cowley county last spring, estimates the white inhabitants of that county at seven hundred, or two persons to three square miles. The Indians he found camped in the timber along the Walnut river, with their ponies, dogs, wigwams, and buffalo hides and meat—the sovereigns of the soil and the terror of timid settlers. They cultivated no land, erected no houses, practised no industries, studied no arts. Their few personal wants were supplied by a small annuity from Government, in addition to what they could obtain by hunting, begging, and stealing. But six months of civilized industry has effected a wonderful transformation. The county was organized February 28th, 1870; and a regular election was held May 2d, when a full set of county officers were elected. A small settlement named Winfield was selected as the county seat. During the summer and fall, its population rapidly increased, and now it is supposed to contain three thousand inhabitants. One thousand dwellings have been built, three towns incorporated, three post-offices established, and half a dozen school-houses erected; a tri-weekly

line of stages are now running, and half a dozen mills are in operation. Three thousand acres of prairie land were broken last spring, upon one-half of which good crops were raised. Farming is highly profitable, as the demand for breadstuffs far exceeds the supply. While in the older settled portions of the State, corn was selling last fall for from twenty-five to forty cents per bushel, its price in the more southern counties, where population is sparse and the flow of immigration most rapid, was one dollar and a half a bushel.

This rapid settlement is mainly due to the exclusion of railroad monopolies and greedy land-speculators. A hardy and industrious settler can here find an ample farm within his means of purchase; and what future enhancement of values results from increased population, serves to reward him for the privations and exposure of his early years. A prosperous condition of a hardy yeomanry, whose industry is devoted to spreading the area of civilization and adding to our national wealth, is certainly evidence of a more beneficent spirit of legislation than in endowing with princely grants powerful corporations, who use the means thus conferred upon them to degrade the cultivators of their domain into vassals, and accumulate private fortunes out of their labors which are inimical to the best interests of society.

This much for the farming community. A consideration of no less interest is, what advantages are offered by Kansas to our vast city population, many of whom have perhaps even greater need of betaking themselves to the growing West, to escape the crowds and the competition, and the unceasing strife with capital, which render their skill and labor at present of but little avail? The city and town folks of Kansas are fully alive to the necessity of building up a varied manufacturing industry, as well to afford inducements to skilled

mechanics to settle amongst them as to insure the permanent prosperity of their State. The city council of Leavenworth passed a resolution last spring to pay an annual royalty of three per cent. upon all sums exceeding \$10,000, which shall be devoted in that city to certain specified branches of manufacture. One hundred and six firms in Leavenworth pay tax as manufacturers, and the product of their industry for the last twelve months is set down as exceeding \$2,000,000. One iron foundry and machine-shop there, which started as a mere germ thirteen years ago, now affords employment to two hundred hands. Lawrence has an iron foundry which turns out several tons of castings daily; Fort Scott has another, and also a woollen mill; and in Franklin county is a velvet factory (the only one in the United States) where velvet ribbons are woven by French experts, fully equal in finish to the imported article. But yet it may be roundly asserted that manufactures do not exist in Kansas. Almost every paper published in the State sends forth an appeal for some needed mechanic to go and practice his industry in some locality mentioned. A colony from Western New York, settled in Marshall county, have a water-power second only to that of Lowell; and they are clamorous to have cotton and woollen mills driven by their streams. In one place a blacksmith is wanted, in another a cooper, and in a third perhaps a brick-maker. And to show the earnestness of these citizens in their demand, a town-site is offered free, and work enough guaranteed to keep the tradesman busy for a whole season.

The natural facilities for a manufacturing industry in Kansas lie around in profusion. The supply of coal is pronounced by geologists inexhaustible; the finest timber—such as oak, hickory, and black-walnut—borders its numerous streams; cotton is successfully cultivated there; the

pastures for wool-raising are illimitable; and the salt springs of Western Kansas and Southern Nebraska are pronounced "several degrees stronger than the brine at Syracuse." To these may be added an extended railway system, growing daily, and a water-carriage upon the Missouri river reaching from one end of the continent to the other. Still, notwithstanding these inestimable advantages, the people of Kansas are almost entirely dependent upon the more Eastern States for manufactured articles. A Leavenworth packing-house last fall slaughtered three hundred beeves daily: the hides were sent to Buffalo to be tanned; the barrels in which the beef was packed were made in Indianapolis; the salt which cured it came from Liverpool and Saginaw. Their superb black-walnut logs are shipped East, and chairs and other cabinet-ware are imported from Philadelphia and Cincinnati. Vitreous sand is found in Missouri, and pebble-rock abounds in Kansas; yet their window-glass is sent to them from Pittsburgh. Fire-brick comes to them from Philadelphia, while the best of fire-clay is thrown out of the Leavenworth coal-shaft as useless. Struck with these glaring anomalies, the writer inquired of a Leavenworth hide-dealer why so ruinous a practice was persisted in. His answer affords a sample of the loose ideas of political economy which prevail in the minds of some of the Kansas people:

"With regard to my business," said this tradesman, "tanning is a cheaper process in Buffalo than we could make it here, and railroad freights do not make up the difference."

"But in what respect cheaper?" I queried.

"We have n't got the bark."

"I replied: 'The Pittsburgh glass manufacturers obtain their sand from Missouri, and yet send their window-glass to you. Having to fetch the

materials from a distance does not seem a bar to native industry with them.'"

"Wages are cheaper in the East," persisted my interlocutor; and thus clinched the argument.

It is a standing charge against the Western people that they do not practice economy. Yankee thrift is held by them in supreme contempt. Their rate of profits is based on a magnificent scale. Passenger fares, freight charges, hotel rates, tradesmen's profits, are all at least double those that prevail east of the Mississippi river. A party of "the solid men of Boston" visited California last spring, and the citizens of the Golden State made sport of their old-fogy penuriousness. Upon this a San Francisco paper read its readers a useful lesson. "This party of visitors from the East," said the editor, "represent one hundred and fifty millions of capital. A number of our citizens are disposed to make sport of them because their prodigality does not keep pace with their wealth. Poor Richard's maxim of taking care of the pence, is a practice which first set these men on the road to fortune, and it is one which a number of our people would do well to heed. While these Boston capitalists are scrupulously exact in their dealings, and in their trifling expenditures take account of the last cent, their words are good on 'Change for millions. Many in this community who find it a hard task to meet their obligations, in their daily dealings with tradesmen regard a dime or a half-dime as beneath their notice. A small leak in time will sink a big ship."

Kansas is a young State, and its citizens are ambitious to show the world what they can do in population as well as in agricultural products. Every town and city in the State is straining every nerve to increase its population. They are continually inquiring through their newspapers why they cannot have manufactures estab-

lished. The vision of busy workshops, and throngs of mechanics with their families in their midst, with the agreeable results of increased census returns, improved real estate, and a prosperous retail trade, so fascinates their minds that they are ready to make any sacrifice and incur any expense, to bring about its realization. But they must remember that manufactures are only useful to a country when they produce value. They cannot be forced as in a hot-bed. An industrial enterprise which requires bounties to bolster it up is merely a delusion. The capitalists engaged in it cease to trust to their own skill and industry, to the introduction of improved machinery and the exercise of that strict economy which is a vital element of success, being taught to depend upon public bounty for support. With so unstable a fabric, the slightest contingency is apt to bring ruin. The royalty offered by Leavenworth to manufacturing capital, is in no proportion so useful as the offer of cheap city markets. The market reports of that city in November last quote butter at fifty cents per pound, eggs forty cents per dozen, turkeys one dollar and fifty cents each, chickens eighty cents per pair. In Iowa and parts of Missouri, the ruling price is about one-half of this. Yet Leavenworth, on both sides of the Missouri river, is surrounded with as fine an agricultural country as anywhere to be found.

The social habits of the citizens of Kansas are like those of all new countries;—every person is in haste to get rich. It is a repulsive feature, and is to be accounted for on the ground that in renouncing the enjoyments of older settled communities they are determined to be well recompensed for the sacrifice. But this self-

ishness defeats itself. The high charges by railroads retard settlement, diminish traffic, and impose a serious bar to permanent prosperity. The high profits of tradesmen lead to the over-doing of this industry, and imposes the burden of an excess of non-producers upon the shoulders of those who work. Their currency, which ignores minute divisions of value, increases the cost of house-keeping and begets a dangerous practice of inexactness among petty dealers.\* Inflation of prices is the consequence, and manufactures cannot be successfully established because of the high cost of labor.

That Kansas is prospering, its rapid growth in population and wealth affords satisfactory evidence. That it will continue to prosper, there is no reason to doubt. The capital and intelligence and ceaseless activity flowing into the State are rapidly developing the abundant resources that it possesses; and the high intelligence and moral habits of its people are a guaranty that their future course will be in the right direction. And when advantages are so solid, and so many avenues are open to enterprise and industry, no fears need be entertained that our national thrift will assert itself, and the population of Kansas place themselves in the vanguard among other States as an industrial and wealth-producing community.

FREDERICK LOCKLEY.

\* Macaulay, in treating of the depreciated currency of William and Mary, says: "It may well be doubted whether all the misery which had been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad kings, bad ministers, bad parliaments and bad judges, was equal to the misery caused in a single year by bad crowns and bad shillings." It may safely be said that a working community never can be prosperous where the smallest division of value known to the currency is five cents.



## HOW JACK HASTINGS SOLD HIS MINE.

THE passenger train from the east came thundering down the head of the Humboldt Valley, just as morning brightened over the earth—refreshing eyes wearied with yesterday's mountains and cañons, by a vision of green willows and ash trees, a stream that was not a torrent, and a stretch of grassy country.

Among the faces oftenest turned to the flitting views was that of a young, gracefully-formed, neatly-dressed, delicate-looking woman. The large brown eyes often returned from gazing at the landscape, to scan with seriousness some memoranda she held in her hand. "Arrive at Elko at eight o'clock A.M.," said the memorandum. Consulting a tiny watch, whose hands pointed to ten minutes of eight, the lady began making those little preparations which betoken the journey's end at hand.

"What a strange-looking place it is!" she thought, as the motley collection of board shanties and canvas houses came in sight;—for the famous Chloride District had been discovered but a few months before, and the Pacific Railroad was only four weeks open. "I wish Jack had come to meet me! I'm sure I don't see how I am to find the stage agent to give him Jack's letter. What a number of people!"

This mental ejaculation was called forth by the sight of the long platform in front of the eating-house, crowded with a surging mass of humanity just issuing from the dining-room. They were the passengers of the eastward-bound train, ready to rush headlong for the cars when the momentarily-expected "All aboard!" should be shouted at them by the conductor. Into this crowd the freshly-arrived passengers of the westward-bound train were a moment after ejected—

each eyeing the other with a natural and pardonable interest.

The brown-eyed, graceful young lady conducted herself in a very business-like manner—presenting the checks for her baggage, inquiring out the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., and handing in her letter, all in the briefest possible time. Having secured a seat in a coach to Chloride Hill, with the promise of the agent to call for her when the time for departure arrived, the lady repaired to the dining-room just in time to see her acquaintances of the train departing. Sitting down alone to a hastily-cooked and underdone repast, she was about finishing a cup of bitter black coffee with a little shudder of disgust, when a gentleman seated himself opposite her at table. The glance the stranger cast in her direction was rather a lingering one; then he ordered his breakfast and ate it. Meanwhile the lady retired to the ladies' sitting-room.

After an hour of waiting, one, two, three coaches rolled past the door, and the lady began to fear she had been forgotten, when the polite agent appeared to notify "Mrs. Hastings" that "the stage was ready." This was Mrs. Alice Hastings, then—wife of Mr. Jack Hastings, of Deep Cañon, Chloride District. The agent thought Mr. Hastings had a very pretty wife, and expressed his opinion in his manner, as men will.

When, just before starting, there entered three of the roughest-looking men she had ever encountered, Mrs. Hastings began to fear that in his zeal to obey instructions, the agent had exceeded them, and in packing the first three coaches with first-comers, had left this one to catch up the fag end of travel. If the first impression, gained from sight, had made her shrink a little, what was her dismay

when at the end of ten minutes one of her fellow travellers—the only American of the three—produced a bottle of brandy, which, having offered it first to her, he passed to the bullet-headed Irishman and very shabby Jew: repeating the courtesy once in twenty minutes for several times.

Mrs. Hastings was a brave sort of woman, where courage was needful; and she now began to consider the case in hand with what coolness she could command. One hundred and thirty miles—eighteen or twenty hours of such companionship—with no chance of change or intermission; a wilderness country to travel over, and all the other coaches a long way ahead. The dainty denizen of a city home, shuddering inwardly, showed outwardly a serene countenance. Her American friend, with wicked black eyes and a jolly and reckless style of carrying himself, continued to offer brandy at short intervals.

"Best take some, Madam," said he; "this dust will choke you if you don't."

"Thanks," returned the lady, with her sweetest smile, "I could not drink brandy. I have wine in my travelling-basket, should I need it; but much prefer water."

At the next station, although hardly four minutes were lost in changing horses, the men procured for her a cup of water. Mrs. Hastings' thanks were frank and cordial. She even carefully opened a conversation about the country they were passing over, and contrived to get them to ask a question or two about herself. When they learned that she had come all the way from New York on the newly-opened railroad, their interest was at its height; and when they heard that she was going to join her husband in the Chloride District, their sympathy was thoroughly enlisted.

"Wonderful—such a journey! How she could be six days on the cars, and yet able to take such a stage-ride as this, is astonishing."

Such were the American's comments. The Jew thought of the waiting husband—for your Israelite is a man of domestic and family affections. "Her husband looking for her, and she behind time! How troubled he must be! Did n't *he* know how it was? Was n't his wife gone away on a visit once, and did n't write; and he a running to the express office every morning and evening for a letter, and getting so anxious as to telegraph? Such an expense and loss of time!—and all because he felt so uneasy about his wife!"

The bullet-headed young Irishman said nothing. He was about half asleep from brandy and last night's travel: too stupid to know that his hat had flown out of the window, and was bowling along in the wind and dust half a mile behind—all the better for his head, which looked at a red heat now.

The lady had lifted the rude men up to her level, when directly they were ashamed of their brandy and other vices, and began to show instinctive traits of gentlemen. By the time they arrived at the dinner station, where half an hour was allowed for food and rest out of the eighteen or twenty, she had at least two humble servitors, who showed great concern for her comfort.

The day began to wane. They had travelled continuously over a long stretch of plain between two mountain ranges, over a country entirely uninhabited except by the Stage Company's employees, who kept the stations and tended the stock. This lone woman had seen but one other woman on the road. Plenty of teams—great "prairie schooners," loaded with every conceivable thing for supplying the wants of an isolated non-producing community, and drawn by ten or fourteen mules—had been passed through the day.

As night fell, Mrs. Hastings saw what she had never before seen or imagined—the camps of these team-

sters by the roadside: horses and mules staked, or tied to the wagons; the men lying prone upon the earth, wrapped in blankets, their dust-blackened faces turned up to the frosty twinkling stars. Did people really live in that way?—how many superfluous things were there in a city!

The night was moonless and clear, and cold as at that altitude they always are. Sleep, from the roughness of the road, was impossible. Her companions dozed, and woke with exclamations when the heavy lurchings of the coach disturbed them too roughly. Mrs. Hastings never closed her eyes. When morning dawned, they were on the top of a range of mountains, like those that had been in sight all the day before. Down these heights they rattled away, and at four in the morning entered the streets of Chloride Hill—a city of board and canvas houses. Arrived at the stage office, the lady looked penetratingly into the crowd of men always waiting for the stages, but saw no face she recognized. Yes, one—and that the face of the gentleman who sat down opposite her at table in Elko.

"Permit me," he said; "I think you inquired for Mr. Hastings?"

"I did; he is my husband. I expected to find him here," she replied, feeling that sense of injury and desire to cry which tired women feel, jostled about in a crowd of men.

Leaving her a moment to say something to an employee of the office, the stranger returned immediately, saying to the man: "Take this lady to Mrs. Robb's boarding-house." Then to her: "I will inquire for your husband, and send him to you if he is in town. The hack does not go over to Deep Cañon for several hours yet. Meanwhile you had better take some rest. You must be greatly fatigued."

Fatigued! her head swam round and round; and she really was too much exhausted to feel as disappointed as she might at Jack's non-appearance. Much relieved by the prospect of a

place to rest in, she followed the man summoned to escort her, and fifteen minutes after was sound asleep on a sofa of the boarding-house.

Three hours of sleep and a partial bath did much to restore tired nature's equilibrium; and although her head still felt absurdly light, Mrs. Hastings enjoyed the really excellent breakfast provided for her, wondering how such delicacies ever got to Chloride Hill. Breakfast over, and no news of Jack, the time began to drag wearily. She was more than half inclined to be angry—only relenting when she remembered that she was two or three days behind time, and of course Jack could not know when to expect her. She had very full directions, and if she could not find her way to Deep Cañon she was a goose, that was all!

So she sent for the driver of the hack, told him to get her baggage from the express office, and started for Deep Cañon. Who should she find in the hack but her friend of the morning!

"I could not hear of your husband," said he; "but you are sure to find him at home."

Mrs. Hastings smiled faintly, and hoped she should. Then she gave her thoughts to the peculiar scenery of the country, and to the sharpness of the descent, as they whirled rapidly down the four miles of cañon at the bottom of which was the town of that name—another one of those places which had "come up as a flower" in a morning. She longed to ask about her husband and his "home"; but as there were several persons in the stage, she restrained her anxiety, and said never a word until they stopped before the door of a saloon where all the other passengers alighted. Then she told the driver she wanted to be taken to Mr. Hastings' house.

He did not know where that was, he said, but would inquire.

Did he know Dr. Earle?

"That's him, ma'am!" pointing out her friend of the morning.

"How can I serve you?" he asked, raising his hat politely.

Mrs. Hastings blushed rosily, between vexation at Jack's invisibility and confusion at being so suddenly confronted with Dr. Earle.

"Mr. Hastings instructed me to inquire of you, if I had any difficulty in finding him," she said, apologetically.

"I will show you his place with pleasure," returned the Doctor pleasantly; and jumping on the box, proceeded to direct the driver.

Had ladies of Mrs. Hastings' style been as plenty in Deep Cañon as in New York, the driver would have grumbled at the no road he had to follow along the stony side of a hill and among the stumps of mahogany trees. But there were few like her in that mountain town, and his chivalry compelled him to go out of his way with every appearance of cheerfulness. Presently the stage stopped where the sloping ground made it very uncertain how long it could maintain its balance in that position; and the voice of Dr. Earle was heard saying "This is the place."

Mrs. Hastings, who had been looking out for some sign of home, was seized with a doubt of the credibility of her senses. It was on the tip of her tongue to say "This must be the house of some other Mr. Hastings," when she remembered prudence, and said nothing. Getting out and going toward the house to inquire, the door opened, and a man in a rough mining suit came quickly forward to meet her.

"Alice!"

"Jack!"

Dr. Earle and the driver studiously looked the other way while salutations were exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. When they again ventured a look, the lady had disappeared within the cabin, the first glimpse of which had so dismayed her.

That afternoon, Jack initiated Alice into the mysteries of cooking by an open fire, and expatiated largely on

the merits of his outside kitchen. Alice hinted to him that she was accustomed to sleep on something softer than a board, and the two went together to a store to purchase materials out of which to make a mattress.

After that, for two or three weeks Mrs. Hastings was industriously engaged in wondering what her husband meant when he wrote that he had built a house and was getting things ready to receive her. Reason or romance as she might, she could not make that single room of rough boards, roofed with leaky canvas and unfurnished with a single comfort of life, into a house or a home. At last Jack seemed to guess her thoughts, for she never spoke them.

"If I could sell my mine," he then often said, "I could fix things up."

"If you sold your mine, Jack, you would go back to New York, and then there would be no need of fixing up this place." Alice wanted to say "horrid" place, but refrained.

At length, from uncongenial air, water, food, and circumstances in general, the transplanted flower began to droop. The great heat and rarified mountain air caused frantic headaches, aggravated by the glare which came through the white canvas roof. Then came the sudden mountain tempests, when the rain deluged everything, and it was hard to find a spot to stand in where the water did not drip through. She grew wild, looking forever at bare mountain sides simmering in the sun by day, and at night over their tops up to the piercing stars. A constant anxious fever burned in her blood, that the cold night air could not quench, though she often left her couch to let it blow chilly over her, in her loose night robes. Then she fell really ill.

Sitting by her bedside Jack said: "If I could sell my mine!" And she had answered, "Let the mine go, Jack, and let us go home. Nothing is gained by stopping in this dreadful place."

Then Mr. Hastings had replied to her, "I have no money, Alice, to go home with—not a cent. I borrowed ten dollars of Earle, to-day, to buy some fruit for you."

That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. By night Mrs. Hastings was delirious, and Dr. Earle was called.

"She has a nervous fever," he said; "and needs the carefullest nursing."

"Which she cannot have in this d——d place," Mr. Hastings replied, profanely.

"Why don't you try to get something to do?" asked Earle of the sad-visaged husband, a day or two after.

"What is there to do? Everything is flat;—there is neither business nor money in this cursed country. I've stayed here trying to sell my mine, until I'm dead broke;—nothing to live on here, and nothing to get out with. What I'm to do with my wife there, I do n't know. Let her die, perhaps, and throw her bones up that ravine to bleach in the sun. God! what a position to be in!"

"But you certainly must propose to do something, and that speedily. Could n't you see that it was half that brought this illness on your wife—the inevitable which she saw closing down upon you?"

"If I cannot sell my mine soon, I'll blow out my brains, as that poor German did last week. Alice heard the report of the shot which killed him, and I think it hastened on her sickness."

"And so you propose to treat her to another such scene, and put an end to her?" said Earle, savagely.

"Better so than to let her starve," Jack returned, growing pale with the burden of possibilities which oppressed him. "How the devil I am to save her from that last, I do n't know. There is neither business, money, nor credit in this infernal town. I've been everywhere in this district, asking for a situation at something, and cannot get anything better than digging ground on the new road."

"Even that might be better than starving," said Dr. Earle.

Jack was a faithful nurse; Dr. Earle an attentive physician; young people with elastic constitutions die hard: so Alice began to mend, and in a fortnight was convalescent. Jack got a situation in a quartz mill where the Doctor was part owner.

Left all day alone in the cabin, Alice began staring again at the dreary mountains whose walls inclosed her on every side. The bright scarlet and yellow flowers which grew out of their parched soil sometimes tempted her to a brief walk; but the lightness of the air fatigued her, and she did not care to clamber after them.

One day, being lonely, she thought to please Jack by dressing in something pretty and going to the mill to see him. So, laying aside the wrapper which she had worn almost constantly lately, she robed herself in a delicate linen lawn, donned a coquetish little hat and parasol, and set out for the mill, a mile away. Something in the thought of the pleasant surprise it would be to Jack gave her strength and animation; and though she arrived somewhat out of breath, she looked as dainty and fresh as a rose, and Jack was immensely proud and flattered. He introduced her to the head of the firm, showed her over the mill, pointed out to her the mule-train packing wood for the engine fires, got the amalgamator to give her specimens, and in every way showed his delight.

After an hour or so she thought about going home; but the walk home looked in prospect very much longer than the walk to the mill. In truth, it was harder by reason of being up-hill. But opportunely, as it seemed, just as Jack was seeing her off the door-stone of the office, Dr. Earle drove up, and, comprehending the situation, offered to take Mrs. Hastings to her own door in his carriage, if she would graciously allow him five minutes to see the head man in.

When they were seated in the carriage, a rare luxury in Deep Cañon, and had driven half a mile in embarrassed silence—for Mrs. Hastings somehow felt ashamed of her husband's dependence upon this man,—the Doctor spoke, and what he said was this:

"Your life is very uncongenial to you; you wish to escape from it, don't you?"

"Yes, I wish to escape: that is the word which suits my feeling—a very strange feeling it is."

"Describe it," said the Doctor, almost eagerly.

"Ever since I left the railroad, in the midst of a wilderness and was borne for so many hours away into the heart of a still more desert wilderness, my consciousness of things has been very much confused. I can only with difficulty realize that there is any such place as New York; and San Francisco is a fable. The world seems a great bare mountain plane; and I am hanging on to its edge by my finger-tips, ready to drop away into space. Can you account for such impressions?"

"Easily, if I chose. May I tell you something?"

"What is it?"

"I've half a mind to run away with you."

Now, as Dr. Earle was a rather young and a very handsome man, had been very kind, and was now looking at her with eyes actually moistened with tears, a sudden sense of being on the edge of a pitfall overcame Mrs. Hastings; and she turned pale and red alternately. Yet, with the instinct of a pure woman, to avoid recognizing an ugly thought, she answered with a laugh as gay as she could make it:

"If you were a witch, and offered me half of your broomstick to New York, I don't know but I should take it;—that is, if there was room on it anywhere for Jack."

"There would n't be," said the Doctor, and said no more.

The old fever seemed to have returned that afternoon. The hills glared so that Mrs. Hastings closed the cabin door to shut out the burning vision. The ground-squirrels, thinking from the silence that no one was within, ran up the mahogany tree at the side, and scampered over the canvas roof in glee. One, more intent on gain than the rest, invaded Jack's outside kitchen, knocking down the tin dishes with a clang, and scattering the dirt from the turf roof over the flour-sack and the two white plates. Every sound made her heart beat faster. Afraid of the silence and loneliness at last, she reopened the door; and then a rough-looking man came to the entrance, to inquire if there were any silver leads up the ravine.

Leads? she could not say: prospectors in plenty there were.

Then he went his way, having satisfied his curiosity; and the door was closed again. Some straggling donkeys wandered near, which were mistaken for "Diggers"; and dreading their glittering eyes, the nervous prisoner drew the curtain over the one little sliding window. There was nothing to read, nothing to sew, no housekeeping duties, because no house to keep: she was glad when the hour arrived for preparing the late afternoon meal.

That night she dreamed that she was a skeleton lying up the cañon—the sunshine parching her naked bones; that Dr. Earle came along with a pack-train going to the mill, and picking her up carefully, laid her on top of a bundle of wood; that the Mexican driver covered her up with a blanket, which so smothered her that she awakened, and started up gasping for breath. The feeling of suffocation continuing, she stole softly to the door, and opening it, let the chilly night air blow over her. Most persons would have found Mr. Hastings' house freely ventilated, but some way poor Alice found it hard to breathe in it.

The summer was passing: times grew, if possible, harder than before. The prospectors, who had found plenty of "leads," had spent their "bottom dollar" in opening them up and in waiting for purchasers, and were going back to California any way they could. The capitalists were holding off, satisfied that in the end all the valuable mines would fall into their hands, and caring nothing how fared the brave but unlucky discoverers. In fact, they overshot themselves, and made hard times for their own mills, the miners having to stop getting out rock.

Then Jack lost his situation. Very soon food began to be scarce in the cabin of Mr. Hastings. Scanty as it was, it was more than Alice craved; or rather, it was not what she craved. If she ate for a day or two, for the next two or three days she suffered with nausea and aversion to anything which the outside kitchen afforded. Jack seldom mentioned his mine now, and looked haggard and hopeless. The conversation between her husband and Dr. Earle, recorded elsewhere, had been overheard by Alice, lying half conscious; and she had never forgotten the threat about blowing out his brains in case he failed to sell his mine. Trifling as such an apprehension may appear to another, it is not unlikely that it had its effect to keep up her nervous condition.

The summer was going—was gone. Mrs. Hastings had not met Dr. Earle for several weeks; and, despite herself, when the worst fears oppressed her, her first impulse was to turn to him. It had always seemed so easy for him to do what he liked!

Perhaps *he* was growing anxious to know if he could give the thumb-screw another turn. At all events, he directed his steps toward Mr. Hastings' house on the afternoon of the last day in August. Mrs. Hastings received him at the threshold and offered him the camp-stool—the only chair she had—in the shade outside

the door; at the same time seating herself upon the door-step with the same grace as if it had been a silken sofa.

She was not daintily dressed this afternoon; for that luxury, like others, calls for the expenditure of a certain amount of money, and money Alice had not—not even enough to pay a Chinaman for "doing up" one of her pretty muslins. Neither had she the facilities for doing them herself, had she been skilled in that sort of labor; for even to do your own washing and ironing pre-supposes the usual conveniences of a laundry, and these did not belong to the furniture of the outside kitchen. She had not worn her linen lawn since the visit to the mill. The dust which blew freely through every crack of the shrunken boards precluded such extravagance. Thus it happened that a soiled cashmere wrapper was her afternoon wear. She had faded a good deal since coming to Deep Cañon; but still looked pretty and graceful, and rather too *spirituelle*.

The Doctor held in his hand, on the point of a knife, the flower of a cactus very common in the mountains, which he presented her, warning her at the same time against its needle-like thorns.

"It makes me sick," said Alice hastily, throwing it away. "It is the color of gold, which I want so much; and of the sunshine, which I hate so."

"I brought it to you to show you the little emerald bee that is always to be found in one: it is wondrously beautiful,—a living gem, is it not?"

"Yes, I know," Alice said, "I admired the first one I saw; but I admire nothing any longer—nothing at least which surrounds me here."

"I understand that, of course," returned the Doctor. "It is because your health is failing you—because the air disagrees with you."

"And because my husband is so unfortunate. If he could only get away from here—and I!" The



vanity of such a supposition in their present circumstances brought the tears to her eyes and a quiver about her mouth.

"Why did you ever come here! Why did he ever ask you to come;—how *dared* he?" demanded the Doctor, setting his teeth together.

"That is a strange question, Doctor!" Mrs. Hastings answered with dignity, lifting her head like an antelope. "My husband was deceived by the same hopes which have ruined others. If I suffer, it is because we are both unfortunate."

"What will he do next?" questioned the Doctor, curtly. The cruel meaning caused the blood to forsake her cheeks.

"I cannot tell what he will do,"—her brief answer rounded by an expressive silence.

"You might help him: shall I point out the way to you?"—watching her intently.

"Can you? *can* I help him?"—her whole form suddenly inspired with fresh life.

Dr. Earle looked into her eager face with a passion of jealous inquiry that made her cast down her eyes:

"Alice, do you *love* this Hastings?"

He called her Alice; he used a tone and asked a question which could not be misunderstood. Mrs. Hastings dropped her face into her hands, her hands upon her knees. She felt like a wild creature which the dogs hold at bay. She knew now what the man meant, and the temptation he used.

"Alice," he said again, "this man, your husband, possesses a prize he does not value, or does not know how to care for. Shall you stay here and starve with him? Is he worth it?"

"He is my husband," she answered simply, lifting up a face calm, if mortally pale.

"And I might be your husband, after a brief interval," he said quickly. "There would have to be a divorce;—it could be conducted quietly. I do not ask you to commit yourself to

dishonor. I will shield you; no care shall fall upon you, nor any reproach. Consider this well, dearest, darling Alice! and what will be your fate if you depend upon him."

"Will it help *him* then, to desert him?" she asked faintly.

"Yes, unless by remaining with him you can insure his support. Maintain you he cannot. Suppose his mine were sold,—he would waste that money as he wasted what he brought here. I don't want his mine,—yet I will buy it to-morrow if that will satisfy you, and I have your promise to go with me. I told you once that I wanted to run away with you, and now I mean to. Shall I tell you my plan?"

"No, not to-day," Mrs. Hastings answered, struggling with her pain and embarrassment; "I could not bear it to-day I think."

"How cruel I am while meaning to be kind! You are agitated as you ought not to be in your weak state. Shall I see you to-morrow—a professional visit, you know?"

"You will buy the mine?"—faintly, with something like a blush.

"Certainly; I swear I will—on what conditions, you know."

"On none other?"

"Shall I rob myself, not of money only, but of what is far dearer?—On *none other*." He rose, took her cold hand, clasped it fervently, and went away.

When Jack came home to his very meagre dinner, he brought a can of peaches, which, being opened, looked so deliciously cool and tempting that Alice could not refrain from volubly exulting over them. "But how did you get them, Jack?" she asked; "not by going in debt, I hope."

"No. I was in at Scott's store, and Earle, happening to come in just as Scott was selling some, and praising them highly, paid for a can, and asked me to take them to you and get your opinion. They are splendid, by Jove!"

"I do not fancy them," said Alice, setting down her plate; "but don't tell the Doctor!" she added, hastily.

"You don't fancy anything lately, Alice," Mr. Hastings replied rather crossly.

"Never mind, Jack; my appetite will come when you have sold your mine:" and upon that the unreasonably fastidious woman burst into tears.

"As if my position is not trying enough without seeing you cry!" said Jack, pausing from eating long enough to look injured. Plastic Jack!—your surroundings were having their effect on you.

The "Mining News" of the 2d of September had a notice of the sale of Mr. Hastings' mine—the "Sybil," bearing chloride of silver—to Dr. Eustace Earle, all of Deep Cañon. The papers to be handed over and cash paid down at Chloride Hill on the 7th; at which time Dr. Earle would start for San Francisco on the business of the mining firm to which he belonged. Mr. Hastings it was understood would go East about the same time.

All the parties were at Chloride Hill on the morning of the 7th, promptly. By eleven o'clock, the above-mentioned transaction was completed. Shortly after, one of the Opposition Line's stages stopped at Mrs. Robb's boarding-house, and a lady dressed for travelling stepped quickly into it. Having few acquaintances, and being closely veiled, the lady passed unrecognized at the stage office, where the other passengers got in.

Half an hour afterwards Mr. Jack Hastings received the following note:

"DEAR JACK: I sold your mine for you. Dr. Earle is running away with

me, per agreement; but if you take the express this afternoon, you will reach Elko before the train leaves for San Francisco to-morrow. There is nothing worth going back for at Deep Cañon. If you love me, save me.

Devotedly,

ALICE."

It is superfluous to state that Jack took the express, which, arriving at Elko before the Opposition, made him master of the situation. Not that he felt very masterful: he did n't. He was thinking of many things that it hurt him to remember; but he was meaning to do differently in future. He had at last sold his mine—no, he'd be d——d if *he* had sold it; but—Hallo! there's a big dust out on the road there!—it must be the other stage. Think what you'll do and say, Jack Hastings!

What he did say was: "Ah, Doctor! you here? It was lucky for my wife, was n't it, since I got left, to have you to look after her? Thanks, old fellow; you are just in time for the train. Alice and I will stop over a day to rest. A thousand times obliged: good-bye! Alice, say good-bye to Doctor Earle! you will not see him again."

Their hands and eyes met. He was pale as marble: she flushed one instant, paled the next, with a curious expression in her eyes which the Doctor never forgot and never quite-understood. It was enough to know that the game was up. He had another mine on his hands, and an ugly pain in his heart which he told himself bitterly would be obstinate of cure. If he only could be sure what that look in her eyes had meant!

MRS. F. F. VICTOR.

## SNOW-BIRD.

O ARCTIC rover bold!  
 When forth in fierce array,  
 Resistless borne from farthest Labrador,  
 With tyrant sway  
 The icy squadrons pour—  
 Rage wide o'er wood and wold,  
 What never-dying love thy bosom warms!  
 What dauntless heart thy puny wings enfold,  
 To breast the wintry storms—  
 Thou scorner of the cold!

I see thee come and go  
 In thy swift, eager flight,  
 Piercing the keen, cold air with sudden wing  
 Of quick delight—  
 A bright, etherial thing!  
 While, like the fitting show  
 Of poet thoughts that scarce embodied are,  
 A thousand storm-led kindred pinions glow,  
 Up-swirled and blown afar—  
 A cloud of drifting snow!

Are all alike to thee—  
 The storm and sunshine?—are  
 The ever-changeful seasons as they go  
 Forever fair?  
 Is in thy breast the glow  
 Of suns we may not see?  
 Lighting thy way so airily, to wed  
 Joys of the past to joy and mystery  
 Of realms thy wings shall thread,—  
 Journeying fleet and free!

Nor toil is thine, nor care;—  
 For thee the wayside weeds  
 And frosted hedge-row yield an ample store  
 Of ripened seeds;  
 And every land and shore  
 Where thy free pinions bear,  
 Is all thine own;—in Nature's mother-heart  
 Is thine abode—in all the homeless air  
 Domesticate thou art;—  
 Thy home is everywhere!

They tell us far remote  
 In woodland mountain-air,  
 Amid Katahdin's shadow-haunted glooms,  
 When June hours fair  
 Are gay with summer blooms,

Thine is a minstrel throat  
 That charms with song the love-delighted days—  
 Thrilling the silence of each cave and grot :  
 Wake, of remembered lays,  
 One joy-inspiring note !

Oh, but to enter in  
 Thy fairer world !—to see  
 We know not what—though knowing all is fair,  
 Whatever be,  
 As the transcendent air  
 Of heaven to souls that win  
 Release from mortal ills : no tired brain  
 O'er unsolved mysteries—no battle-din—  
 No tears—no loved in vain—  
 No loss—no might-have-been !

What deeper sight is thine !  
 With what a soul possessed !  
 Thou pretty pinch of clay—thou sturdy, bold  
 Evangelist—  
 Preacher of gospel old !  
 Had I the subtle, fine,  
 Etherial blood that thrills thy radiant dust—  
 Had such unstudied art this harp of mine,  
 Thy simple love and trust  
 All human hearts should shrine.

Ah me ! if cognizant  
 Of all thy little needs  
 Is One, with tender breast to pity stirred,  
 Who loves and feeds  
 Even thee, my lowly bird,  
 That winter cannot daunt ;  
 An Eye that sees, a Hand that holds and guides  
 Thy devious flight across a continent,  
 And evermore provides—  
 Forecasting every want ;—

Is it less provident  
 Of thee—the care divine ?  
 Less worthy thou of the benignant heed—  
 O heart of mine !  
 In this thy human need ?  
 Love's shining battlement  
 Leans evermore above Time's clouded strand :  
 See in all loss, all wrong, all accident,  
 A loving Father's hand,  
 And seeing, be content !

B. HATHAWAY.

## PEDESTRIANIZING AMONG THE ALPS.

AS I sat down to my study-table this morning, to write upon a certain subject, I began of course by doing everything else before taking up the pen. Dipping into this book and that, examining briefs of unfinished work—I was soon busy with a little, thin manuscript volume which is never far out of my reach. It is headed, in ink yet quite fresh, "Diary of a Foot-Tour among the Alps." Whenever I am out-of-sorts with self or fortune,—whenever I am too weary to work or study; and, in short, whenever I want to be forgetful of everything but what is most pleasing, I take to this little book as some men take to opium. It has in it a charm better than that of an intoxicated imagination—the charm of recalling days when physical and intellectual enjoyments were without a cloud. More potent than the genii of Arabian fable, this dull-covered, thumb-leaved amulet brings instantly before my eyes—not simply a palace and a feast, but whole mountain chains and many a fertile upland. However weary, I open these pages and am forthwith breathing air that is laden with the fragrance of fir trees—am blown upon by breezes fresh from Alpine summits.

It is not a venturesome prophecy, that more Americans will visit Europe in 1871 than have visited it in any one year up to this date. The number of persons going abroad is increasing yearly. This tendency, temporarily repressed by the events of 1870, will assert itself more markedly than ever during the present year. The events of the past twelve months, making European themes occupy the fore-front in the news and literature of the day, will swell as never before the number of tourists from the States; and, as a consequence, Switzerland, the great summer resort of the Continent, will

be invaded by thousands whose first two inquiries will be: "What shall we do?" and "How shall we do it?"

If one really wishes to see Switzerland, be sure that there is only one way of doing it—and that is, *on foot*. The reasons for this assertion are as plenty—as blackberries in August. In fact, much of what is best can only be seen in this way. Many places of most interest and greatest sublimity can only be reached by foot-paths. In the valleys and across the most-used passes there are magnificent carriage roads, and the mountains are wondrously woven over with mule paths; but the truth remains, that much of what is most enjoyable in Alpine experiences can only be won by the pedestrian. No one yet ever formed a tolerable idea of a glacier except from studies made on foot; and whoever has once crossed a steep and treacherous snow-field of the higher Alps, where an extra pound may start a thousand tons of snow, will find excitement enough in calculating the pressure of his own foot, without taking into the account the weight of the smallest donkey. Even in many places where there is no danger to the pedestrian, the most submissive beast of burden could not be forced to proceed.

Moreover, he who pedestrianizes knows for the once the joys of absolute freedom. Except upon level stretches, one who has had a few days' experience will make as good time as the diligence or the pack-train. But the man who has given himself into the hands of *veturino* or guide is from that time "subject to authority." There is no shop having a bottle of wine or a carved stick to sell, but that you are forced to stop at it; there is no broad, open, glorious view, but that you are rushed by it. If

one prefers to spend the leisure of the day looking at that which is sublime rather than to be forced to give it to some pot-house or lunch-stand, he will appreciate the independence of the pedestrian. I shall always remember the after-dinner hour spent upon a jutting curve of the Simplon, overlooking from a height of two thousand feet the Saltine and Rhone valleys, while beyond the latter, in full view, lay the great chain of the Bernese Oberland with its indescribable glory of snow-field and glacier. Stage after stage dashed by us as we sat there, and we hardly knew whether most to pity or condemn the travellers who were thrusting their heads now out this side and now out that, to catch so much as a glimpse of this incomparable scene.

It is the most healthful exercise that can be taken. After a month's walking among the mountains, a friend could only describe to me the change wrought in him by the words, "I am not the same man." He had fled from a life of brain-racking study, hardly knowing whether it were yet possible to arrest the evident decline in his strength. In five weeks he was good for a walk of ten leagues per day.

As to expense,—the pedestrian will easily save from a half to two-thirds of what a Swiss tour would otherwise cost.

Having decided upon such an excursion, the first thing to be done is the securing a proper companion. It is neither pleasant to undertake such excursions alone, nor to make a party of more than three persons.

It is hardly worth while to begin the tour before the first week in June. Some of the higher passes are inconveniently full of snow as late as the last of that month, but none are impassable. If one begins later he will see no avalanches.

By a very convenient arrangement of the Swiss post, a tourist may send his baggage on before him at a trifling

expense; and he will find it convenient to keep it within a few days' walk. It can be sent Monday morning to such point as may be easily reached by Saturday noon.

Select then a knapsack as soon as you find one to your mind—and they are not to be found everywhere. The Swiss carry an affair which looks very much like a game-bag, and like it rests upon the left hip. Travellers usually prefer one which may be securely fastened upon the shoulders and will not interfere with the freedom of the arms. I bought one of russet leather, lined with strong linen, in Sugano, for six francs. The straps are arranged so as to cross upon the breast; a plan which has objections, to be sure, but which holds the knapsack so firmly that its weight is hardly felt. The English make very elaborate knapsacks of wicker and linen, that are sold in London at a guinea each. In my own judgment, they are unnecessarily large, and tempt one to carry much more than is needed. Two flannel shirts, one night-shirt, a pair of slippers and two of socks, a half-dozen each of collars and handkerchiefs, an alapaca coat and thin trowsers, simple dressing and writing materials and a guide book—will be all that your knapsack need contain, and the whole will not weigh over six or eight pounds, even when a short-handled umbrella is strapped upon the top. Since the mountains are visited by frequent showers, one never ought to be without the umbrella and a change to be put on as soon as shelter is reached.

Heavy, double-soled, hob-nailed shoes, that lace firmly to the ankle, are indispensable. They should be worn long enough to make them an easy fit before one strikes out for a real campaign in them. The nails need not be put in until you are ready to begin walking in earnest; but you can neither cross a grassy slope nor a glacier in safety without their assistance. The best quality of woollen

socks are the surest protection against bruised feet. A pair of cotton socks may be carried in the knapsack, to put on when the hotel is reached at which a stop is to be made. A stout Alpen-stock, with good steel spike in the lower end, completes the outfit.

It is somewhat surprising to Americans, who are not much given to exercise of this sort, to see the numbers that are "doing" Switzerland on foot every summer. They are not simply young men, but troops of boys on vacation tramps, men of middle age (some of them gray-haired), young girls also, and occasionally I have met a man and his wife walking together over high routes, both of them being persons past the prime of life. I have seen our American ladies at the White Mountains and among the Sierras, and have never seen them undertake a mile without a saddle-horse and a guide. But nowhere can one find prettier, neater, more vivacious young women than among these boarding-school misses who are climbing the lower Alpine walks every summer. Some of them affect jaunty little knapsacks; but it is to be presumed that they carry nothing heavier in them than an occasional Alp rose or a pretty crystal.

Undoubtedly the cheapness of these excursions recommends them to very many. The average expense to a pedestrian among the Alps is not above two dollars and a half in gold. The complete cost of such a trip to and through Switzerland is less than that of one to and through the mountains of California; and the fare which one meets with is beyond comparison superior. I can get a breakfast in almost any part of Switzerland for thirty cents, better in every way than can be got for double the money in any of our American resorts, so far as I have yet discovered. I have paid a dollar in coin for a dinner, on the way to Yo Semite—a dinner consisting chiefly of fat roast mutton and cold custard pie; but I never paid as

much for a dinner in all Switzerland, though always faring better. I do not say but there are reasons for the difference—only while the difference remains, the present proportions of travel abroad and at home are not likely to be changed.

While speaking of hotels, I cannot forbear giving witness to the uniform excellence of those in Switzerland. And I do not mean such as the Victoria and the Jungfrau Blick at Interlaken; but such as are regularly patronized by the French and Germans, and by pedestrians of all nations. One might call them second-class, were it not that second-class means with us dirt and bad cooking. They are hotels whose price per day will range from one dollar to two. But they are models of neatness and order; and the meals are cooked and served as well as in the best of our city hotels. In the valleys they are usually built after the fashion of picturesque chalets, with wide roofs and pleasant balconies. High up on the mountains they are built more solidly, of stone and heavy stucco, as are most of the hospices.

A pleasant part of the pedestrian's experience is the sociability of the class among whom he is thrown. You never see the best side of a man socially, until he has his old clothes on. Any one who has gone from Lake George to Mount Washington must have noticed that. At the Lake, as at Saratoga, all are dignified and watchful. Put the same people, dressed in their old suits, on the backs of the hacks that scramble up the mountain from the Crawford House, and every barrier is thrown down without scruple. Pedestrians never eye one another askance, and as a rule care little for introductions. They are all unbent, and do not wish to tighten social lines. American democrats and English Tories smoke their after-dinner cigars together in peace upon the same balcony. At nearly every hotel where you stop, you discuss the trout with



some new friend who will not soon be forgotten.

The dangers attending such a trip are simply what one wishes to make them. A careless man is always in danger, but a reasonable caution practically insures safety. Mere height, any one may become accustomed to. I had serious thoughts of leaving the Gemmi Pass out of my own route, because I knew that the descent to the valley of the Dala was by a path which immediately overhung a precipice of sixteen hundred feet. However, by the time we reached this pass we could not only look over its unguarded side with safety, but we ran down most of it with a keen enjoyment of the fun. The only avalanches on the ordinary routes, of which there is any danger, are those of stone; yet of these the danger is never more apparent than real. Going up the Grimsel from the Rhone valley, one started over our heads; however, it caught on some shelf before it had fallen far or gathered much force. While at Chamounix, a party ascending the Brevent were supposed to have been swept down by an enormous fall of rock; but when the avalanche had passed, the tourists came out safe and unhurt from the shelter of a projecting ledge where they had been hid. In our ignorance of danger, a party of three of us got on some very treacherous snow-fields near the Rhone glaciers. Our guide did not wish to lose his fee, as he said nothing about the danger until we were in the midst of it. We found after arriving at the hospice that we were the first tourists across the pass that summer. I presume we were the last for some time, for we saw the same guide turn a party back the next day, warning them that the snow was likely to start at any minute. Had we properly consulted our books, we need not have incurred the hazard.

While the pedestrian may easily keep out of the reach of avalanches, he may also easily arrange his plans

so as to see as many of them as he wishes. The best place in all Switzerland to watch these immense falls of ice and snow, is the Wengern Alp—or, as it is sometimes called, the Lesser Scheideck. Of course during the winter and spring they pour down into the valleys from innumerable peaks; but in the summer, when travel is open and pleasant, a person must know just where to go or he will not see anything of the kind. The Wengern should be visited as early as the month of June. By the first of July, most of the snow that is to fall during the summer is already down. On the 19th of June I saw more than twenty avalanches fall from the Jungfrau, the Monch, the Eigher, and the Wetterhorn. Some friends passing over the same route two weeks later watched in vain for a single fall. The first one which we saw was the bursting of an immense glacier near the summit of the Jungfrau, and it fell not less than a straight mile. The crash and roar when it first started resembled the opening of a park of artillery; and a huge puff of white snow shot out into the air, like the smoke from the mouth of a cannon. Several avalanches from the Eigher were separated in their descent by upright masses of rock, and they sought the valley in a double and even a triple stream. The Wetterhorn is seen from even across the valley of Grindlewald, a distance of from five to seven miles. The view of it from the Wengern is very fine; for the Wetterhorn juts into the valley a wall almost as perpendicular as and much higher than that of El Capitan in the Yo Semite. One of the most beautiful sights of the day was the descent of a huge avalanche from near the summit of the Wetterhorn. The distance decreased the apparent bulk but added to the picturesqueness of the scene. It continued to pour over the top until the first part of the fall had nearly reached the bottom of the valley. But instead of falling in

a straight line, it struck the sides of the mountain here and there, and at each point of contact was thrown out again with an apparently spiral motion. Not only was the motion thus serpentine, but the lighter snow, falling less rapidly and buoyed up by the resisting swirl of the air, formed a magnificent fin-like crest, slightly curling and regularly decreasing in size from the head to the tail of, this novel monster which was sweeping down upon the plain.

Of the Swiss glaciers, the largest are within easy range of the pedestrian. The Grosser Aletsch lies south of the Jungfrau and Monch, and is explorable by an ascent from the Rhone valley at Brieg. It is more than twenty miles in length, and in some places four miles in width. No one who has looked down upon it from the Bel Alp will ever forget that first supreme emotion. It chanced to be the first glacier that I ever saw from above its own level. Three of us, travelling together, were spending Sunday at the hotel upon the Bel Alp, more than seven thousand feet above the sea, and from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above the bed of the glacier. During all the morning the clouds completely enveloped us. About noon the landlord said to us, "The clouds have lifted from the glacier: would the gentlemen like to see it?" For my own part I said "Yes," and followed our host with about the same kind of interest that one might be supposed to feel in the prospective exhibition of a six-legged calf or a two-tailed dog. The hotel is built upon the very wall overhanging the ice-stream. We three stepped carelessly to the window and looked down. That one look I think marked an era in all our lives. We spoke to each other about it in whispers. I do not know why it was, but I think we felt we must speak or weep. We

could see up the stream for miles. It lay as still as the dead in that immense gorge with which God had cleft the mountains. As wide as the Mississippi, of unknown depth, here smooth as glass, then broken in torrents—motionless, white, silent, solid! And when in the afternoon the clouds lifted and showed us, to the south, separated from us only by the narrow valley of the upper Rhone, the whole incomparable range from Monte Rosa to Mount Blanc, the enchantment was complete. From that hour there was no discussion of the question: "How much time shall we give to Switzerland?" The only inquiry was: "How long can we stay?"

It would be an easy and a pleasant task to continue this paper with reminiscences of peaks and passes, valleys, lakes, and cozy, home-like hotels; and no man who has "done" Switzerland socially and thoroughly on foot, would weary in following the duller pen that might re-mark familiar paths. My design was rather to interest in pedestrianism those of my readers who may be going abroad this year; to say to them that it is not, as too many Americans suppose, simply a cheap pastime for students. The truth is that the majority of Swiss pedestrians are educated men of mature years. You will meet there artists, botanists, geologists, historians, and members of all the liberal professions. In this exercise, too, the study-worn will find a renewal of their physical strength; while the staunchest young athlete may find adventures that will tax his endurance and his skill to the utmost. The scholar will meet his equal; the man of culture, his fellow; and the man of strong social instincts will discover himself one of a brotherhood whose only requisite badge is an Alpen-stock, whose only passport is a cheerful "*Bon jour.*" H. D. JENKINS.

## SAN ANTONE.

THAT was the name by which he was generally known in camp. He was richly endowed with the agnomens of a rude inchoate heraldry, but this was the most convenient. Besides these was his real name; but that was German, and few had ever heard it, and nobody at all could pronounce it within about seven consonants of correctness. Another appellation he had was "Marine Sheeps," which accrued to him from his comical mispronunciation of the name of a certain valuable breed of wool-producing animals.

When the train was assembling and organizing on the prairies of Texas, preparing to cross the continent, and everybody was eliciting, a fragment at a time, everybody else's history with whom he was destined to spend several months, this man was distinguished among the sharp, gray-eyed, quizzing Texans by his glum reclusiveness; and he contemptuously told the loquacious little Doctor that his name was San Antonio (which was abbreviated as above), as if he took a kind of grim satisfaction in being despised as a "Greaser" by a man whom he so savagely despised himself. He seemed to say:

"Scorned to be scorned by one that I scorn—  
Is that a matter to make me fret?"

He had lived so long near San Antonio, Texas, that the flaming sun of Mexico had burnt his German skin into the color of a bilious *mestizo*, so that the deception was easy; and as for the little Doctor, he despised him to the utmost of his immeasurable capacity for contempt.

The first time I saw this strange and terrible man, the impression he produced upon me was sufficiently vivid. The train was to leave Waxahatchie the next day, and I accord-

ingly carried out my roll of blankets, etc., and deposited them in our mess-wagon. Beside a feeble fire near the tent crouched a man, clad in whitish-gray slouching clothes and a dingy-white hat which lopped down all around, giving his eyes a kind of sinister-murderous glare. He was of a medium height, rather spare-faced, but with a body powerfully built and knit together with mighty muscles, though he had lived so much in camps that he had become excessively round-shouldered. He had the Teutonic roundness of head, but his immense front-head and his emphatic nose showed—if physiognomy is any guide—that he was not an inherently malicious man, terrible though he looked. Yet there was something in his great blood-shot eyes at times which was absolutely awful. When he was enraged—as Germans are apt to become sometimes—they glared out from their cavernous sockets with a blood-curdling ferocity which made a peaceable man quite satisfied with a single glance. Add to this his haggled and matted hair, his complexion (which was about an equal compound of an olive-green and a coffee-color), and his herculean muscles, which rounded hugely out on his broad back, as he sat doubled almost into a half-circle, and you have a man whom most people would be disposed to let assiduously alone.

Yet he returned my salutation in a tone of voice so pleasant that I was surprised. He set off his frying-pan, brought out some biscuits and coffee from the tent, and we ate together, squatting on the ground.

"You are to cross the Continent with us, I suppose?" I remarked.

"Yes. Are you *de man* what walks afoot?"

"Yes."

"It is much deestance to walk," he said, quite indifferently.

I looked sharply at him, for I thought his brogue was anything but Mexican, for which I had so far taken him.

"*Sie sprechen Deutsch vielleicht?*" I ventured to observe.

"I was German born, only in Texas. I speak also German, but better English."

He was the first and only German I ever saw in America who did not respond gladly to the invitation to speak in his mother tongue. I drew him on from one thing to another, until I found he was the son of a wealthy stock-farmer in Western Texas, who had been well educated in the Fatherland, both in French and English, but had found something congenial in Texas frontier savagery; and that this was a kind of black sheep in the flock—the only discontented one, and yet the best beloved of his sons. He was ignorant, as he regretfully acknowledged, because he had been always roving and running away from his father's school; and had, by consequence, had some fearful experiences in Yellow Jack's hospitals, and in the Rebel army, wherein he had served as a battery soldier. He was, therefore, no mean and beggarly ruffian, but the prospective heir of broad acres and a lordly wealth of cattle, and he had a most savagely Texan contempt for small moneys and small economies. Yet he was fierce enough and uncouth enough, to be sure, to have been a Rio Grande bandit.

Perhaps I did not learn even these few particulars at first, for I speedily got into disfavor with San Antonio, because he thought I was "citified." Yet I never fell quite so low in his estimation as did the little loquacious Doctor. The fellow could swear some of the most appalling oaths, in which an Americanized German probably excels any of our native citizens; but, with all his amazing affluence of curs-

ing, he never could invent any expression which would, in the slightest degree whatever, do justice to his disdain for that effeminate and unfortunate individual. He would sit cross-legged by the fire, cooking breakfast, and watch him dip the palms of his hands into water and pass them daintily over his face, and then he would simply ejaculate "Humph!" He could do no more. Shade of Diogenes! the unspeakable depth of the riches of scorn concentrated into that grunt! To the very last morning of our four-months' journey he would feast his fascinated eyes on that spectacle, and let his soul grow rich on these pastures of contempt.

He exercised a most terrific step-motherly tyranny over the unhappy little Doctor, in various manners. The Doctor was a sluggard, and San Antonio, after waiting the shortest possible allowance of time after *reveille*, would strip the blankets off him with violence. We lived with Spartan simplicity in our mess, having only one tin cup apiece, and if the Doctor took two to cool his coffee, our ferocious step-mother would snatch one out of his hand. This would have been simply outrageous with any other person, but the Doctor was lazy, effeminate, cowardly, and insincere; and San Antonio did it all with such thoroughly straightforward and incorruptible honesty of contempt, and with such absence of every symptom of a smile on his face, that the rest of us were only amused.

Being obliged to be much with this terrific Agonistes, walking along with the train, I studied to be as barbarous as possible. I praised his cookery, which was, as a matter of fact, very good for a camp-cook, except that he would fry his steaks, Southern fashion, in grease; consequently he never vented upon me any of those open indignities which he visited upon the unhappy Doctor, but was only silently contemptuous.

He exhibited the most amazing

energy and strength in his wrestles with the diabolical oxen of Texas. He would ride on horseback after a full-grown wild ox, lasso its fore-feet in an open prairie, jerk it to the ground, then dismount and tie it head and foot. Then he would ride down another, capture it in the same manner, fetch it to the other, and then, single-handed and alone, on the open prairie, yoke the furious monsters together and bring them into the corral. It was an achievement worthy of Hercules himself, and would appear utterly incredible to one not familiar with Texas. Nearly every morning, especially when we had rested awhile, they had to inclose the accursed never-tamed brutes in the circle of wagons, to get them yoked at all, and here they would surge up and down, putting all the women and children and half the drivers to flight. But San Antonio would seize a mighty ox by the horn and nostril, double his neck together, and fling him upon the ground. Sometimes we would see him in the very middle of a tangle of oxen, wrestling with the hellish beasts, justling among their long, shining horns, or slung around with his heels high up in the atmosphere.

I took pains to applaud him for these feats, but he appeared to care nothing about it, one way or the other. He was something more sensitive as to his cookery, and I lay the flattering unction to my soul that, in that direction, I produced some slight impression. I began really to admire the fellow for his hearty and brawny savagery, and for the ferocious and unmitigated contempt which he manifested toward all shams and make-believes and half-hearted doings.

One thing which was especially admirable in him was his kindness toward his oxen, which stood out in noble contrast with the infamous brutalities of most Texans toward their cattle. He never would make the least preparation for his own comfort until they had been driven to the best

water and the best grazing to be found anywhere. Once only, during an exasperating march by night and by day across the terrible Llanos Estacados, he lost his temper, snatched up a great chain, and swung it in his mighty arm like a whip-lash. Fortunately for the offending oxen, they saw it in time to leap aside, and the chain descended upon a box, smashing it into a thousand splinters. He did not spare the lash in critical places, but one strong, swift blow, with the magnetism there was in his terrible voice, was worth hours of the accursed, dead pounding of the miserable brigands with the other teams, who had no soul of energy in them. But as soon as they were up, he would go and lean against them, put his arms around their necks—I have seen him do it a hundred times—and caress them like children. His "leaders," a pair of little spotted monkeys, he almost idolized. He would go out from camp to see if they had any grass, and stand and wag his head at them, and call them by name; and they would look up, and wink great quiet winks at him, as if to say, "You're a pretty good fellow—you are!" The consequence of all this was, that he never killed an ox, while other drivers killed a dozen apiece. These things covered a multitude of his outrageous rudenesses.

San Antonio began to be an exceedingly interesting study to me, as showing how completely German servility of politeness could, in a single generation, be converted into the savagery and the roughest of frontier Texan semi-barbarism. Is it Louder who attributes to Benjamin Franklin the remark that a people never grow younger in crossing the ocean? But it is not true of the Germans coming to America.

The other members of our mess were occupied with the herds; and through weary days, weeks, and months, while we crawled on our slow march across the mighty continent, this rude ox-driver was my most fre-

quent companion. What was most singular in him was, that he avoided his own countrymen. Who ever saw a German, I wonder, that did not prefer the congregation of them that are faithful to the *grand cerevis*, to all the tents of the beer-scoffers? But San Antone not only would not speak German, but he studiously secreted from any Cousin Michael we might meet his knowledge of the grand old jargon, and was angry if any American discovered that fact to them.

And now at last his demeanor toward me began very perceptibly to soften. When, weary of vagabondizing or botanizing on the short incursions I dared make into Camanche or Apache land, I would fall back to saunter along with the train, he would jump down from his wagon and seek to make himself sociable. He began to be my friend, in his boisterous, uncouth way, and to make me his confidant. Thereat I wondered. I had done no muscular or amazing thing; I had tamed no ox; I had ridden no "bucking" mustang, to make myself illustrious in his eyes. Why this change? He seemed to be poisoning on the edge of some terrible revelation which he wished to make; and yet he was uncertain of me, and he would sometimes gaze at me with one long, piercing look, as if he wished to divine my heart of hearts. While we strolled along beside his oxen, swinging on in their slow, ponderous gait, he would talk for half an hour, in a kind of childish, smiling, German way, telling me the story of his life, which was, like that of most Germans—so far as disastrous chances and moving accidents by flood and field are concerned—as insipid as can well be imagined. Thus he would talk on, and talk on, until he seemed suddenly to draw near some frightful precipice, when he would shrink back appalled, and become sullen and morose.

At last, however, one day he approached nearer than ever to this

dreaded, mysterious verge, while talking with his simple garrulity; and suddenly, and as if it were by accident, he let slip the fact that he was a murderer. I stared at him with a feeling of unfeigned repugnance, which it was impossible momentarily to conceal. A ghastly murderer! He, too, as if feeling he had overshot himself, turned upon me in an instant such an awful glare of those blood-shot eyes as made my blood freeze. Then, upon the instant, I penetrated his thought:

"I have trusted in your kindness. I have appealed to you for sympathy. Do you now turn upon me, like every one else?"

Then it was, and never before, that there seemed to me to be some meaning in that phrase, "fierce repentance," which had always been a riddle. By every possible means I endeavored to conceal my natural dislike, and make him understand that I was not his enemy. But he remained for a long time gloomy, so doubtful was he, and so terrible and bitter was his remorse. He seemed to be astute enough to suspect that I might be smoothing matters over merely out of complaisance. It took me many days to regain his confidence. He was not a cold-blooded assassin, and had only committed the deed in a moment of frenzied passion; but he had that strange capacity for self-torture and remorse which appears to be characteristic of the German nature, and which, as illustrated in the character of Rigolette in the "Mysteries of Paris," is less Gallic than Teutonic.

But gradually his confidence was restored, and as it returned, his gratitude became almost unbounded. To me it was a most interesting and piteous spectacle to witness the struggles of that grim and savage nature to find means for expressing his grateful feeling without making himself obnoxious or the butt of ridicule to the brutal souls of our multitude. Know-

ing my fondness for flowers, he would make wide explorations through the perilous *chaparral* about camp, and bring rare botanical specimens, carefully secreted in his coat lest he should make himself ridiculous to the herdsmen. He would urge me to walk out, and he would, unasked, scale the most precipitous and frightful cliffs to bring me mineral contributions. He exhausted all his little stock of knowledge to tell me the popular names of flowers. Once he came to camp and conducted me, almost with the triumph and elation of a little child, to see a curious clump of cactus, and when I did not utter as many exclamations of wonder as he expected, he was sadly disappointed. When we were recruiting in camp, he would hasten to finish his culinary cares, and then come and crawl into the tent with the utmost possible quietness, when I was writing, and stretch himself close beside my desk, where he would lie for hours together, waiting for me to finish, that he might talk to me again. Occasionally I would take a sly glance at him, and he would be lying, fumbling with the blankets, or smiling to himself in a kind of simple childish way, as if he were thinking over the things he would tell me presently. One day, after our larder had become exceedingly skinny, and even boiled dried apples were a luxury which we scarcely hoped ever to indulge in again, the cook of a neighboring mess boiled some of that fruit, and brought over a cupful to his brother potwalloper. As soon as he was gone, San Antone brought the dried boiled apples into the tent where I was writing, and not a mouthful would the poor fellow touch on any account, until he had compelled me to eat a considerable portion. I confess this simple little act touched me deeply.

When we were sitting around our bivouac fire, with the other members of the mess, he was, if possible, more boisterously rude and violent in his

conduct than ever; but the moment he was alone with me, his voice became as soft, and his manner as gentle, as a woman's. What fascination had I acquired over this strange and terrible nature? It became a wonder to me myself.

It was in Apache Pass, that bloody and horrible hole, most darkly infamous in the dark history of Arizona, where San Antone's great powers were brought to the trial, and where he displayed the most fierce and amazing energy that is possible to any human being. Nearly all the wagons had to be drawn up with doubled teams, but there was one unwieldy monster which eighteen great oxen of Texas failed to take up the mountain. Nearly a score of imbeciles had collected around them, thumping and mauling and cursing and yelling and swinging their arms, and jumping up and down like a number of crippled grasshoppers. The poor brutes were bruised and lacerated and terrified; but there was no soul in all these drivers which had in it any magnetism of power.

Then everybody called for San Antone. He was reluctant to undertake the task, but night was coming on rapidly in that great horror of blackness and massacre; nobody knew but the blood-shot eyes of the Apaches glared down upon us already from the beetling crags, waiting for night-fall and vengeance; the women and children were crying with terror, as night came on; and there was no other man, or score of men, in the train, who could take that wagon up the mountain.

Finally he consented, and came down into the ravine with his great whip, nearly twenty feet long. With the savage brusqueness of his nature, he ordered every man to stand aside. He fetches his long lash round and round, ending with a crack which leaps among the lofty mountains like the roar of a rifle, and all the yelling and fluttering fools fell back in silence,



like an awe-stricken mob. Every voice of crying woman or of whooping teamster is hushed, that they may witness the mighty struggle. He speaks one strong word. The oxen know their master. They bow their great knees to the ground. The very mountain seems to quiver. The wagon moves. Then comes peal after peal of cracks, like a rattling volley of musketry; but above all rises that deep, terrible voice. The oxen fall—they rise again—they sway and surge—they crawl on bended knees—their eyes start from their sockets—they falter—they stagger slowly backward. A moment more, and they will be dashed over the precipice! His calm is gone—he becomes like a fiend; he seems in all places at every moment; the mere terror of his voice and the rage of his presence appal them. His one fierce will leaps into all those huge bodies, and quivers along all those mighty muscles. They recover—they move upward—they are saved!

I stood alone on a hill to witness this triumph of human will over brute force, and I confess I never felt more exulting enthusiasm in witnessing the most glorious and fearful play of Heaven's artillery on the prairies of Texas. Such was the amazing energy of that man's presence! And yet so tenderly kind to his oxen! The few stinging lashes he gave them were not for a moment to be compared with the infamous dead mauling of the imbeciles. As soon as he reached the top of the ascent he walked modestly away to his own oxen—an unconscious hero, worthy to be ranked with Wordsworth's Benjamin. Well might he say to his oxen:

"Yes, without me, up hills so high  
'Tis vain to strive for mastery."

But I think Wordsworth never saw, for a prototype of his Benjamin, a man so grand in his rude and unconscious simplicity.

From Apache Pass to Tucson, the journey was soon accomplished. Sev-

eral times I had declared my intention of leaving the intolerably sluggish train at that city, to venture on alone, but more rapidly, across the desert swept by the cruel and treacherous Tonto Apaches, to the Gila, where I should be safe in the Pima villages. The other members of the mess made demonstrative and earnest remonstrations with me, and labored to dissuade me from an undertaking which they could only consider downright foolhardiness; but whenever the subject was mentioned, San Antonio would say nothing whatever. If I spoke of it when we were alone, his voice would lower in an instant; but his single glance, and the few subdued words he would utter, were more eloquent than ten thousand wordy protestations of the others. To me it was a most touching thing to witness the mute, uncouth pleadings of this savage nature—so all unused to pleading and so unwonted to any atmosphere of sympathetic kindness—to detain me yet a little longer. So precious to him seemed to be the few kind words I had spoken, and yet so awkward was it for this untuned boisterousness to use the gentle arts of persuasion. He seemed to study how to make his manner more courteous and softened. When he would come to waken me in the morning, he would turn down a little corner of the blanket with a touch as gentle as a babe's, then speak hardly above a whisper, and greet my opening eyes with a smile. Sometimes I feigned to be in a deep and refreshing slumber, and would watch him with one half-opened eye. He would come softly upon tip-toe, and stand looking at me, then stoop down and sit motionless beside me for a long time, as if he could hardly persuade himself to disturb me at all;—so wonderfully tender and gentle had a little kindness rendered this broken-hearted murderer, who toward others, in the bitterness of his despair, was so ferocious!

Finally the appointed night arrived

when we should sit together in our little circle for the last time. Many and many a pleasant summer day, through perils manifold and deadly, we had journeyed across the great globe, and now the hour of parting was one of unfeigned sadness. I had determined to leave the train after nightfall, to pass certain points of danger near Tucson under cover of the darkness. Again were renewed the solemn and earnest warnings, and there were numerous offerings of derringers and revolvers, as a last proof of friendship. But San Antone was silent. We sat down together around our little, pale, staggering camp-fire, brake our hard bread, and swallowed our bitter coffee, in silence.

Scarcely a word was spoken, where usually all was cheerful. Something kept coming up in my throat which would not down with the coffee. Then I arose hastily, seized my travelling-bag, and shook hands with each. Seldom in all my life have I said a sadder "good-by" than when I took the brawny hand of San Antone. The poor fellow's voice all stuck in his throat. He could only speak in a whisper. As I held his huge, hard hand, the expiring flame of the bivouac-fire, flickering feebly for an instant, brightly glimmered on the tears that stood in his great cavernous eyes. Turning quickly aside, I hastened away into the vast darkness of the desert.

MR SOCRATES HYACINTH.

#### LIGHT FROM THE ECLIPSE.

MOST elaborate preparations were made last year, in Europe and America, for the observation of the total eclipse of the sun, on December 22d, 1870, the central line of which skirted the southern coast of Europe. But the fates seemed to conspire against the effort, so strongly as almost to justify the belief of the ancients, that the air and earth are peopled with spirits who take a demoniacal delight in preventing mortals from unveiling the secrets which lie hid in the bosom of Nature. Observations of recent eclipses have enabled us to find out very much of the nature of that body which we call the Sun; and it was hoped that the last eclipse would supply us with the one link yet wanting in the chain of facts necessary to establish a complete, incontrovertible theory of the solar constitution. That one fact was proposed to be ascertained by observation of the sun's corona, through the polariscope.

The war which broke out in the middle of the year, in Europe, called off the energies of many of the German *savans* into other channels of investigation, and locked up the French philosophers within the walls of besieged Paris. The English government was singularly conservative in the matter of providing the expected pecuniary assistance to the distinguished men of Britain; and even after this difficulty had been overcome, the English expedition was shipwrecked on the coast of Sicily, and narrowly escaped destruction. The coast survey of this country succeeded in obtaining an appropriation of \$25,000 from Congress for the purpose; but owing to the illness of Commodore Sands, the American Government omitted to authorize the expenditure of a single cent by the recognized astronomers of the nation—the corps employed at the Washington Observatory to watch the movements of the heavenly bodies,

observe the phenomena, and make computations, based upon this work, for the use of seamen and others. These difficulties were, however, surmounted. The Washington scientists very properly reasoned that the interests of physics ought not to suffer through lack of appreciation or oversight, and took the liberty of going to Europe without waiting for pecuniary permission from Congress. The English observers fairly badgered "the needful" out of the stolid John Bull, and, aided by the American expedition, went out in full force; while M. Jannsen, the eminent French astronomer, escaped in a balloon from Paris, with his instruments—at the imminent risk of being shot as a spy, if captured by the besieging forces. Even these troubles were but shadows of the atmospheric discouragements that were to come. The weather was stormy at many of the stations selected, and cloudy at all. The wind was so strong that it blew out the (lantern) lights by which Harkness sought to read off the divisions on the scale of his spectroscope. The haze almost completely obscured the corona from the view of Professors Young and Winlock and their companions. The eyes of the English party, on Mount Etna, were blinded by hail, which began to fall copiously just before the commencement of the total phase. The English party at Cadiz saw little or nothing of the interesting phenomenon; and Professor Jannsen failed even to catch a glimpse of the glory which seems almost to give a foretaste of the splendors that surround the throne of the Eternal, though he had looked death in the face on his way to the place selected. The main English party in Sicily, however, prominent among whom were Professors Lockyer and Roscoe, and Mr. Burton at Agosta, succeeded in making valuable observations; so that, after all, we cannot conclude that a total failure rewarded the effort, which

involved the labor of more than a hundred scientific gentlemen for several months, at a cost of fully sixty thousand dollars in money; and we may add that, although the principal scene of the eclipse was laid in Europe, rather more than one-half of the total expense of observing it was borne by the American people.

What is it that was sought to be discovered, and what was actually ascertained, by observation of the eclipse?

In previous papers published in this magazine, the writer has stated the leading facts known in reference to the sun's physical constitution, and sketched the inductive processes by which astronomers have arrived at those conclusions. We may briefly recapitulate such of those facts as are pertinent to the present subject.

The sun is a globe of 852,725 miles in diameter, his average distance from us being nearly ninety-one and a half millions of miles. He is 1,249,500 times larger than the earth, but only 317,374 times heavier; and contains, therefore, only about one quarter (0.254) as much matter as the earth, bulk for bulk. The sun is believed to be composed of the same material as our earth—about eighteen of the terrene chemical elements having been identified in his composition, by means of some 2,000 characteristic lines which appear in the dissected ray of sunlight. This matter is in an intensely heated condition, and is rendered fluid by that intense heat, which, at the surface, is not less than 18,000, nor more than 30,000 degrees of the Fahrenheit scale. The relatively dense body is called the (light) photosphere. It is surrounded by a layer of incandescent gas, called the (colored) chromosphere, six to seven thousand miles in thickness, which appears to be principally composed of hydrogen, but contains several other elements, of which oxygen is *not* one. This chromosphere is generally understood to bear the same relation to the sun as our atmos-

phere does to the earth. It is the scene of violent commotions, similar in character and location to the storms which occur in the ærial envelope of our globe. The storms are manifested to us by great patches of relative blackness, called spots, which are sometimes large enough to be visible without the aid of a telescope, and by immense rosy-colored protuberances which are visible during the total eclipse, projecting as much as fifty to one hundred thousand miles outward from the normal surface of the sun. Both the photosphere and the chromosphere are self-luminous.

Outside of these, another phenomenon is visible during the total eclipse of the sun. It is the corona (crown), which resembles the halo some of our painters have depicted round the heads of the saints. The shape and extent of the corona appear not to be the same in all total eclipses of the sun; its breadth in December last was very much less than in August, 1869, when it was nearly twice as broad as last year. The limit of breadth of the true corona appears to be from one-fifth to two-fifths of the sun's apparent diameter. Within this limit the corona is so well defined that observers generally agree quite closely in describing it; and the photographs taken at different eclipses, and of the same eclipse at different points on the earth's surface, show substantially the same results. These photographs prove, too, that the coronal matter is not in the earth's atmosphere, for reasons with which every photographer ought to be familiar. That the corona does not belong to the moon, is evident from the now-demonstrated fact that the moon has no atmosphere. The coronal display must originate in the neighborhood of the sun. We have an independent proof of this in the fact that the corona moves with the sun, and not with the moon. At the beginning of totality, when the moon's western edge laps farthest over the sun, the corona is broadest on the

eastern side; and from that point till the end of the total phase, the relative eastward motion of the moon uncovers more and more of the western portion, and covers more and more of the eastern portion, till the whole phenomenon flashes out of sight with the first returning filmy thread of direct sunlight.

Outside of the limits we have named above, the corona often appears to the eye to extend irregularly in different directions, in tongues of hazy light, some of which are said to have been seen to float away. The photograph does not show these protrusions, otherwise than to indicate their location by a slight thickening or deepening of the true corona in that region. These irregularities, which have been differently described by different observers, are probably nothing more than an optical effect, due to the greater intensity of the light in the real corona at the base of the apparent tongue of extraneous light.

The solar diameter being nearly 853,000 miles, two-fifths of this quantity is about 340,000 miles, which is, approximately, the greatest breadth of the true corona—that which gives in the photograph an evidence of its existence.

Very recently it has been surmised that the coronal display is caused by the reflection of the sunlight from numberless planetoidal chunks or specks of matter, which are either revolving around the central luminary in very small orbits, or else are falling to his surface to keep up the supply of light and heat at the centre of our system of worlds. This proposition is absurd. By means of the third law of Kepler—that the squares of the times are proportional to the cubes of the distances—we can easily compute that a mass of matter 350,000 miles distant from the sun's surface, must revolve around him once in a little less than seven hours (6.87) to preserve its orbit. That is, the mass of matter in question would swing

round the sun nearly ninety times while the sun turns once on his own axis. Now, all the analogies of the system, and the very laws of motion, as we understand them, teach that a body revolving around the sun must have a *less* angular velocity than the sun; and that if the angular velocity be the same, it is *already* a part of the sun. The corona cannot, therefore, be produced by reflection from bodies, whether large or small, moving in an orbit. We need scarcely to refer to the other branch of the theory. To suppose that matter which once circled around him, is continually falling to the sun in such immense quantities as would be necessary to produce this phenomenon whenever an eclipse permitted us to see it, would be to suppose that the solar system is in a state to which a galloping consumption is but a snail's march; it is simply impossible.

But the proposition was seriously entertained; and no one seems to have thought of rejecting it. And because it was thought that the use of the polariscope at the recent eclipse would throw some light on this difficult problem, that instrument was regarded as a very important adjunct to the apparatus usually employed in observing this class of phenomena.

For the information of those who do not understand the nature of this instrument, we may explain that the movement of the sensation of light is performed by a pulsating motion, which may be roughly compared to the wave-motion on the surface of a disturbed sheet of water. When proceeding direct from its source, the light-wave vibrates in every direction (transverse to the path of the ray); but if the ray be reflected from or transmitted through any material substance, at a given angle (which is distinctive for each substance), a portion of this universality of pulsation is lost, and the movement may then be represented by the up and down vibration of a rope which is held at one

end and shaken back and forth at the other end. Such a rope may be vibrated through two or more picket fences, if placed one behind the other; but if one of the fences were turned so that the slit between its pickets were horizontal, while the other remained perpendicular, it is evident that the rope could not be vibrated. There are many substances, the grain of which resembles the arrangement of pickets and intervals in our fence. A ray of light will pass through two thin plates of tourmaline, if held symmetrically; but if one of them be turned a quarter round, the ray cannot pass through the second: its light has been *polarized* in passing through the first, and thenceforward can only pass through a substance the grain of which lies in the same direction as the plane of the polarized light-motion.

The polariscope is a little instrument so constructed as to show, by a similar mechanical device to that above indicated, whether a ray of light has lost its universality of pulsation or not; if it has, the light is reflected light. The polariscope shows us that the sun and fixed stars shine by their own light, and that the moon and planets do not—they receive their light from the sun, and a part of the active property of that sunlight is lost by reflection from their surfaces.

The problem then was: Is the corona self-luminous? If so, it is a part of the sun. If not, what then?

But just here the published conclusions differ. Harkness had a good view of the corona, and is understood to have failed to detect any signs of polarization. On the contrary, Young and Winlock, who had less favorable opportunities for observation, claim to have discovered unmistakable evidences of polarization, sustaining the claim made in 1858 by M. Liass. The English astronomers also report that the light from the corona is radially polarized, and in a plane different from that reflected from the moon's surface at the moment of totality. In

either case, however, the corona cannot be due to an atmosphere of the earth or moon; it must exist in the neighborhood of the sun.

The writer ventures to ask the question—may not both be correct? and to answer that both *are* probably right. The heat generated in the solar body, by the mutual pressure of his constituent atoms, necessarily decreases rapidly from the normal surface, outwards. It may be great enough to produce self-luminosity to the distance of a few thousand miles from the surface; it *must* be too small to permit such a phenomenon to be possible, long before the limits of his atmospheric envelope is reached.

In our article on "Sun Spots and Their Lessons," we reasoned out several important facts by tracing analogies with the earth and its atmospheric conditions. Let us pursue those analogies a little further.

Our atmosphere is usually spoken of as lying within forty-five or fifty miles of the earth's surface. Now, observations made of the height of the aurora polaris of August 28, 1859, at several stations situated on a line extending from the West Indies to Maine, showed that the aurora formed a stratum of light extending from forty-six miles to five hundred and thirty miles above the surface. The aurora is now known to be due to an illumination of atmospheric particles by electric excitation, just as the rainbow is produced by the sunlight reflected from the rain-drops. The auroral display is believed to be seldom visible at a less elevation than forty-five miles. In other words, it is only produced by the operation of the electric force on matter so extensively tenuous that a globe of it, the size of our earth, would not weigh a single ounce. And it is easy to calculate that the atmosphere extends much further than the visible limits of the aurora. The rotary motion of the earth on her axis gives a centrifugal motion which destroys one part in

two hundred and eighty-nine of the weight of a body at the Equator, and we must rise to a height of twenty-two thousand miles above the surface before we come to a point where the attraction of gravitation to the earth would be completely balanced by the centrifugal motion. Inside of this limit, a body must pass round the earth more rapidly than once in twenty-four hours to avoid falling to her surface. Outside of those limits, a body must move more slowly than the earth's axial velocity, in order to retain its distance. That distance is, therefore, the limit of the earth as an integral mass. All within it necessarily belongs to the earth, and the process of expansion must proceed from the surface to that point, before we leave the attenuated atmosphere and find ourselves fairly launched into the regions of space. The air is sufficiently dense to be susceptible of illumination, only to a height corresponding to one part in forty-two of this distance.

Computing the sphere of the sun's attraction on the same principle, we find that it extends a little more than fifteen millions of miles from his surface. The same ratio as obtained in the case of the earth ( $1-42$ ) will give 368,000 miles from the sun's surface for the limit of the true corona, or  $13\frac{1}{2}$  minutes of arc at the sun's mean distance. My sketch of the corona during the eclipse of 1869, made at Des Moines, Iowa, shows the corona to have extended to about this distance all around the sun. It seemed to extend a little further than this in one or two directions, in pointed rays of hazy light; that was undoubtedly the result of earth atmospheric conditions.

It is worthy of remark that the rosy protuberances were unusually numerous and large in 1869; they were much less so in December, 1870, and with a correspondingly lessened breadth of corona, the latter being estimated by some at 5 minutes of arc—though Professor Young traced

it to a distance of 16 minutes on the west, 12 minutes on the north, 14 minutes on the east, and 10 minutes on the south. Lockyer considers it as established that the extent and brilliancy of the corona varies with that of the red protuberances; and if this be so, we have a well-founded parallel to the differences of auroral display in our atmosphere, which vary from a height of 100 to 530 miles for the outer limit, corresponding with the intensity of magnetic disturbance on the earth's surface.

We have here a precise analogy between the conditions of the earth and sun, which warrants us in concluding that the corona is a genuine solar phenomenon, and that whether the portion nearest to the disc be self-luminous or not, the exterior portion, to a distance of not more than 368,000 miles, is produced by the reflection of solar light from a solar atmosphere.

But there is one other point of similarity between the two sets of conditions in earth and sun which tends to establish the conclusion I have essayed to deduce. It is that the corona gives a line in the spectrum which corresponds with the division 1474 in Kirchhoff's scale, and is not given by the burning of any chemical element with which we are acquainted, but is seen in the spectrum of our aurora polaris. In both cases this indicates the existence in the higher regions of the atmosphere of an element which is probably distinct from all those known to us, and takes the more elevated position by virtue of its less specific gravity, as hydrogen takes an exterior place in the sun for the same reason, and as it possibly does in our atmosphere, though the fact has not yet been accepted.

This line (1474) falling in the green part of the spectrum, has been thought to signify that the color of the sun's exterior is green—as would also be the case with the earth, if true with regard to the sun. The earth would in that case appear green to the inhab-

itants of Mars and Venus, as Mars appears red to us. But it is not improbable that this green *effect* in the sun is due to the passage of the yellow rays of solar light through a blue sky. The blending of yellow and blue produces a green color. We have no warrant for supposing that this or any other line gives us a trace of that mysterious ether which fills all space not occupied by denser matter; that ether is too much attenuated, and too cold by reason of that attenuation, to give the semblance of a line in the spectrum.

A very interesting observation was made by Professor Young. Directing his spectroscope to the eastern edge of the sun, just as the advancing moon touched it at the beginning of the total phase, the dark lines in the spectrum suddenly died out, leaving the continuous spectrum, which had never been seen previously except by Secchi, the eminent Italian astronomer. This condition lasted but for an instant, and then the lines which were dark in the ordinary spectrum suddenly became *bright*, and continued so for one or two seconds of time. Now this latter fact not only proves that the theory of Kirchhoff is true—that the *dark* lines are due to the incandescence of a solid or liquid, on which is superposed an incandescent gas—but it also leads to the valuable deduction that the space of about four hundred miles in depth at the base of the chromosphere is the only one which *contains* all the elements the existence of which in the sun is revealed by the spectral analysis.

I conclude, therefore, that the facts in regard to the constitution of the sun are as follows:

First. The sun consists of an incandescent liquid mass, corresponding to the liquid interior of our own globe. That mass—the dimensions of which are usually accepted to be those of the sun itself—contains eighteen chemical elements known to us, and probably many more, the existence of which is not shown, because



they do not also exist in the gaseous condition outside. Our earth's interior *may* contain several elements which have never been met with on the surface. If the solar system originally formed one vast mass, which was afterwards separated into numerous bodies, it is but reasonable to suppose that the central orb contains most of the elements found in the planets, and some which are peculiar to himself.

Second. This more dense fluid mass is surrounded, to a depth of some four hundred miles, by an incandescent gaseous envelope which corresponds in position to our earth's crust. This envelope contains about eighteen of the chemical elements which exist within; and its superposition on the central mass is the cause of the dark lines in the solar spectrum.

Third. This shell is surrounded, to a depth of five or six thousand miles, by the true chromosphere, which corresponds to our ocean, and contains but five or six of the elements, of which hydrogen appears to be most abundant—all in an incandescent state.

Fourth. A non-luminous envelope, corresponding in position and *function* to our atmosphere, which is dense enough, for a height of nearly four hundred thousand miles, to reflect the light emitted from the incandescent interior. This reflected light is too feeble to be appreciable by us in competition with the glare of the direct sunlight; but is visible when that direct sunlight is cut off by the interposition of the moon. Vast masses of hydrogen, and the other components of the chromosphere, shoot up into this envelope, as the waves of ocean dash up into our atmosphere, and are carried above the normal surface in a way which finds a feeble analogy in the cloud formations of our atmosphere

from the waters beneath. The light reflected from this envelope all gives evidence of polarization, except that coming from the portion immediately adjacent to the chromosphere. The latter may be polarized so slightly that we cannot appreciate the fact.

Fifth. The extent of the coronal display, during a total eclipse of the sun, corresponds to the relative intensity of the convulsions occurring nearer the normal surface, which are gauged to us by the comparative extent of the sun spots, and the magnitude of the protuberances, or faculae. As these latter phenomena of solar variability are now identified with the positions presented by planetary revolution, the extent of the corona is referable to the action of worlds outside the sun, just as the intensity of our auroral exhibitions is also known to be associated with and due to the same agencies. The solar corona and the Telluric aurora are therefore not only as nearly identical in character as is possible under such widely different sets of conditions; but both vary in the same ratio as their same exciting causes.

We must, perchance, rest content with our present knowledge of the sun's corona for some time to come, as the next display of the kind "hereabouts" will not occur till October 10th, 1874, the phenomenon being then visible in Colorado and vicinity. And that year is big with another astronomical event—the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, in December. The astronomers will have their hands full in 1874, and will be busy in preparation for the last-named event for at least a year previously, in the hope of obtaining the most accurate results possible in the investigation of the actual planetary distances from the sun.

E. COLBERT.

## THE TRIALS AND MISADVENTURES OF A NEAR-SIGHTED MAN.

## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IF there be one physical defect which, while it often eludes the observation of other people, yet constantly exposes the unfortunate subject of it to the most provoking mishaps and blunders, it is no doubt that of near-sightedness. I chanced to be born with this infirmity, and suffered during the earlier years of my life numberless annoyances from it. Arrived at man's estate, I grew to be awkward and unsociable, frequently placing myself and others in the most unpleasant predicaments. This rendered me suspicious, ill-tempered, and somewhat misanthropic. The cheerful laughter, the cause of which I did not happen to know and of which I generally fancied myself the object, made me uneasy and morose. In other respects, I was perhaps a very harmless and decent young fellow, in robust health, with a good figure, teeth which were the envy of all, and such a profusion of curly brown hair that three respectable wigs might easily have been made out of its superfluity. A few years after I had left college, I was admitted to the bar; and soon found myself in the enjoyment of an excellent practice in a growing Western city. Finding it difficult to mingle in general society without being betrayed into all sorts of misadventures through my unfortunate near-sightedness, which seemed to grow upon me with advancing years, I avoided it as far as possible, and devoted myself all the more assiduously to my professional studies. A portion of my early morning hours was passed in the cultivation of a small flower-garden back of the cottage which served me at once for an office and private residence. After sunset, I usually took

up my violin, and, promenading up and down, improvised strains, gay or sad, as the mood I was then in happened to inspire.

Adjoining my small garden, and separated from it only by a hedge, was a much larger garden, with fine hot-house, sparkling fountain, shady groves, gravelled walks, and velvety lawns—the property of Colonel Sidmore, a wealthy Southerner, who had been obliged to leave his native State on account of his uncompromising Union sentiments, and who had permanently settled in our midst since the war. Shortly after his arrival, I had, of course, called upon him, but he was out. His return visit having found me also from home, no further approaches to nearer acquaintance had been made on either side. With his gardener and general factotum, I had, however, become quite sociable and friendly. We often chatted across the hedge about the weather and flowers, now and then even exchanging seeds and shoots. To his daughter—a sprightly young woman, who helped her father at times in the garden—I ventured occasionally to toss a nosegay of rare lilacs or roses, which she always seemed to receive with gratitude and without any silly displays of female affectation.

But not even this limited and harmless intercourse was destined to run smoothly. One early morning, while working as usual in my garden, I noticed a magnificent full-blown rose, which I had expressly imported in the preceding year from the establishment of a famous Eastern florist. It was a rose of an exceedingly rare species and of uncommon beauty. The tree bore a number of buds. I cut off the full-blown flower, ogled

it affectionately through my glasses, and, not clearly knowing at the moment how better to dispose of it, I beckoned to the gardener's daughter, whom I thought I saw engaged among the flower-beds on the other side of the hedge. "My dear child," I cried, "just oblige me by looking at this magnificent rose! Show it to the old man, and then put it in a glass of water—to remind you of me." The young woman, whom I had never before seen close by, reached out her hand (and a remarkably beautiful hand it was), and then bounded away like a startled fawn, without uttering a single word of thanks for the gift.

I dismissed her strange behavior from my mind the next minute, and was deeply engrossed in clipping some shoots from the same rose tree, when I heard some one from the other side of the hedge call—"Neighbor! neighbor!" "Aha!" I thought, "there is the honest gardener already eager to express his admiration at my rose. "Immediately, neighbor!" I replied: "only let me finish these clips." On approaching the hedge, I discovered, however, that it was not my acquaintance, the gardener, but his master, Colonel Sidmore himself, who had hailed me. Offering me a bouquet of choice tropical flowers, he said: "My daughter commissions me to hand you this in return for the splendid rose you have presented her with, and which I also have greatly admired." "Your daughter!" I exclaimed, profoundly astonished;—and was about to add, "Pardon the mistake—I took her to be the daughter of your gardener." Fortunately I had still sufficient presence of mind to gulp down this awkward sentence, and to substitute the more appropriate words—"is exceedingly kind!" "Where did you procure this rare rose?" continued the Southerner. "From a Troy florist," I replied, still embarrassed at the recollection of the false position into which I had placed myself, "who forwards me occasion-

ally some new and rare things in his line." "Give me his address!" impulsively said the Southerner; "I must secure a rose of this species for my conservatory." "If you can wait until spring, you shall have some of my own shoots," I responded, courteously.

Here our interview ended for the time, and I returned to the house, thoroughly out of patience with myself. It was perhaps not so very bad that the rose should have fallen into such charming hands as those of the Southerner's daughter—though I had until then been entirely ignorant of her existence; but it was extremely painful to think that I should have accosted this young lady so familiarly as "my dear child," and then have added the superlatively silly injunction—"to remind you of me." As though I resembled a full-blown rose! What kind of an opinion must that young lady have formed of my breeding? In brief, I was once more thoroughly disgusted with myself, and more firmly than ever convinced of the necessity of shunning all society. Nor did it make the slightest difference in my resolution, when more mature consideration afterwards showed me that the owner of the beautiful hand could not have been so very much offended at my familiarity, or she would never have accepted the rose—still less have made me a present in return. But, as I have intimated already, I was none the less annoyed and sore at my ridiculous mistake of persons.

About a week later, when this misadventure had almost passed out of my mind (it would, indeed, have required a superhuman memory to have recollected all my blunders!) I received a visit from an old and valued friend, who occasionally invaded my solitude. I happened on that day to be in a particularly tender and sentimental mood, which had of late become rather a usual thing with me, and he had come to announce the birth of his sixth boy.

"But, say, Mortimer!"—observed my friend, in the course of our conversation—"why do n't you get married? You possess all the elements essential for a good husband and a respectable member of society. You might make any woman happy—and yourself, too, old boy!"

"Marry!" I said, musingly—for I had often thought of it in my lonely hours, though my near-sightedness would not allow me to make the necessary acquaintance. "I fear," I added, after a brief pause, "that I am rather too old."

"Too old!" replied my friend, "why, man, you are hardly thirty yet!"

"Not quite, though bordering close upon it. Only three more years are wanting."

"By Jove! the very best age to marry! No man is fit to have a family until he is past thirty."

"How then comes it that you married at twenty-five?" I retorted, ironically.

"Because I was head over ears in love, and could not consent to wait. What is the consequence? I have already six boys; and if this goes on, there may be soon more mouths than I can well provide for. No; yours is exactly the right age to marry."

"Admitting, for the sake of argument, that you are right," I rejoined; "but to marry requires two parties, and in my case the other is not forthcoming."

"Nonsense;" he said, impatiently. "A man like yourself, and in your position and circumstances, can have the pick from a dozen within a week. Your profession, your pecuniary resources, your personal advantages, your prospects, your"—

"Near-sightedness"—I interrupted him, with a bitter smile. "It might happen that I would mistake somebody else's wife for my own."

"Do n't borrow trouble of that remote kind. Man and wife soon learn to know each other in the dark."

"But," I observed, half inclined to yield, "how can I expect that a girl will accept a man with such an infirmity as mine?"

"I tell you once more," he said, with earnestness, "that it makes not a farthing's difference. A sensible woman looks for entirely different qualifications in the husband of her choice. Near-sighted or not, you can see quite well enough to appreciate a woman's good traits and virtues, and that will suffice to make her happy, and to be so yourself."

"Well," I said, "a woman might possibly think so, but young girls expect more."

"Not all of them. Never having been much in their society, you do n't know what young girls really are. I am well acquainted with several nice ones that would suit you admirably."

"Who can they be?" I exclaimed, my curiosity now fully enlisted in the subject. "Let me hear their names."

"First and foremost," replied my friend, with an air of deliberation, "I would mention Miss Adele Sidmore, the daughter and only child of your new neighbor: a refined, lovely, amiable, intelligent girl; an heiress to boot—were it not that"—

"That she would certainly give me the mitten," I said tartly, completing the unfinished sentence.

"Most likely, for she is said to be engaged already to a Southern gentleman."

"Then, of course, she is out of the question," I observed, impatiently. "There is, you perceive, always an *if* or a *but* in these cases."

"Not in all of them," he replied, quietly. "What do you think of Miss Jane Thurston?"

"The banker's daughter?" I asked.

"The same."

"Her family is highly respected, but I have not the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance, nor do I believe she herself is aware of my existence."

"I am quite sure that she is. You are known to the whole city."

"Unfortunately," I interrupted him in a desponding tone — "like a calf with five legs, or any other anomaly, for my many blunders."

"Perhaps; but no less for many sterling qualities, acknowledged talents, and handsome person. Jane is a jolly girl, perhaps a little spoiled, not exactly a beauty, but with one of the sweetest tempers in the world."

"This is well. If anyone is to be cross, it shall be myself alone."

"And then, she has her mother's fortune."

"Do I care for money? I have now more than I want, entirely independent of my professional prospects."

"I know it; but it nevertheless enhances your value in the matrimonial market, where wives are now-a-days bought and sold. In a word, I guarantee that your suit would prosper with the Thorntons."

"But," said I, still hesitating, "how am I to set about to break the ice — how shall I manage to approach the young lady herself?"

"Eureka!" shouted my friend, after a brief silence. "I have it! You shall stand as godfather to my boy, and she shall be godmother. That will pave the way to a nearer acquaintance. If you fancy one another, the rest must follow of itself."

"Well, so be it," I said, my mind fully made up. "The experiment is worth trying, and the circumstances appear propitious. But not a word on the subject to any living being."

"That is a matter of course," rejoined my friend, exceedingly gratified with the result of our interview; and then we parted.

Left to myself, I took down my violin from the wall, and, walking up and down the room, played like one possessed. Strange, weird fancies whirled about in my brain, like the white flakes of a snow-storm in mid-winter, and these I sought to master with my bow. Plaintive, wailing melodies, in softly trembling tones, alter-

nated in rapid transition with joyous, ringing, jubilant strains; and midnight was long past when I hung up the instrument to throw myself on the bed with the words—"I'll try my luck with the banker's daughter."

On the day appointed I presented myself at my friend's residence, with the customary silver goblet in my pocket. "I am glad you have come so early," was the salutation with which he received me in the entry. "You will have the privilege of seeing the urchin in the bath;" and with these words he conducted me straight to the nursery, where we found his wife and Jane Thurston, who had also come early, completely lost in admiration over the young American sovereign, just then undergoing, at the hands of his nurse, an immersion preparatory to the baptismal one at the font. Though the ladies pretended to be greatly scandalized at our invasion of these sacred precincts, and threatened to eject us both, we valiantly stood our ground. I availed myself naturally of the opportunity here opened to enter into a conversation with Miss Jane, and having successfully exchanged a few commonplaces, I became more confident, and stepped up to the bath-tub. Playfully patting what I supposed to be the plump cheeks of my godson, I turned to Miss Jane and observed that it was quite a hearty little rogue. A half-suppressed giggle was the sole response which this facetious remark elicited. Under the unlucky impression that the jolly girl was amused to see a bachelor affect such an interest in a baby, I bent over the tub, and though the steam arising from the warm water bedewed my glasses so that I could see nothing distinctly, I exclaimed with well-assumed enthusiasm: "How much the dear little thing resembles its mother! it has the same lovely features!" A perfect roar of irrepressible laughter, in which all present, even the grim-looking nurse, joined, and among which the shrill

giggle of my intended was painfully conspicuous, led me immediately to suspect that I had been guilty of an even more than usually outrageous violation of decorum. This sad foreboding was speedily confirmed; for my friend, whose face had assumed a purple hue, fairly dragged me out of the nursery. When the door had closed behind us, and he had in a measure recovered his breath, he ejaculated: "You are a precious fellow! A fine impression you have made upon the young lady, on the occasion of your first presentation to her!" Here he burst into a perfect storm of laughter; and it was some time before I could be made to realize from his incoherent sentences the diabolical nature of the mistake which I had innocently made.

Gentle if not sympathizing reader, suffer me to pass lightly over the description of the mortifying sensations to which I became a prey in consequence of this hideous blunder! I shudder even now to recall them. All I can say is that the shock was indescribably painful and humiliating, and I almost felt crushed by it. Luckily, little time was afforded me to brood over my new atrocity. The clergyman and several of the other invited guests arrived, and I was forced to join them in the drawing-room. The nurse with her charge, and Miss Jane, soon entered—the latter with a giggle, her handkerchief before her mouth—and the ceremony began. The solemn and impressive discourse of the clergyman caused me so far to forget the "late unpleasantness" that I was able to see the whole affair out.

All through that night Miss Jane Thurston's shrill giggle kept ringing in my ears. She was, no doubt, a very excellent young person; in fact, I felt morally sure of it. But then—that fatal giggle spoiled everything. A gentle smile, even a hearty, downright laugh, is becoming to the female face divine. It may be said to pos-

sess the charm of a flashing sunbeam, which irradiates eyes, forehead, nose, mouth, the entire countenance; and invests for the moment even the plainest features with a certain fascination. But a giggle—and such a shrill giggle as that girl's! No; that was the caricature of a laugh.

And yet, was it not "Hobson's choice" with me? In my peculiar situation, it was Jane Thurston or none! But while I experienced a lively desire for a radical change in my domestic economy, I was by no means certain whether it might not after all be wiser to prefer the latter alternative. Thus undecided, and half-distracted by this difference between my inclinations and my judgment, I finally sought diversion and peace among the flowers of my garden.

But there is nothing more difficult than to escape from one's own thoughts; and I experienced this to my sorrow on the present occasion. I must have passed something more than an hour in pondering over my troubles, when my Southern neighbor hailed me from his side. "Come here, quickly, neighbor, if you are not too much engaged with your thoughts. The finest specimen of the night-blooming cereus is about to flower in my hot-house." "A night-blooming cereus!" I exclaimed, forgetting all my perplexities on hearing this news. On that unlucky morning, even the hackneyed jokes of a circus clown would have afforded me a welcome distraction; and now I was actually asked to enjoy the rare treat of witnessing the flowering of a night-blooming cereus! "With the utmost pleasure, Colonel," I replied, sincerely delighted; and, flinging the rake I then held in my hand as far as I could, I ran—head-first right into the hedge which divided our respective domains. Yes—the blind idiot that I was—in my hurry and excitement I had never noticed the miserable hedge. To make the

accident still more untimely and provoking, a large brier-bush happened to stand in the very place where my head had entered. Oh! the pain I suffered in extricating myself, at the expense of several handfuls of my curly hair, which remained in the breach! And as if to crown my distress and shame, I heard the voice of Miss Adele, my neighbor's daughter, who had, as I now discovered, accompanied her father into the garden, exclaim in an alarmed tone: "See, Pa, the poor gentleman has hurt himself!" "A mere trifle," I stammered, passing my hand over my forehead. In doing this, however, I wiped the blood, oozing from some ugly gashes which the briars had cut in my scalp, all over my face. "Oh, my eyes!" I cried, at the same time, referring to my near-sightedness. But the young lady misconstrued my exclamation, and supposing that I had really injured those organs, implored her father piteously to send at once for medical aid. I made haste to undeceive her, and expressed my profound regret that this accident would necessarily deprive me of the pleasure of witnessing the flowering of the night-blooming cereus. With a cordial and grateful adieu on my part, the painful scene came to a close. On the way to my bed-room to wash off the blood, I met Mary, my old housekeeper, who screamed with fright when she saw my face. "Good Lord! what have you been doing with yourself, Sir?" she cried. "I have made a new acquaintance," I replied, trying to pass her. "A new acquaintance! who with?" she asked. "With a brier-bush," I replied, laughing: "we have had a *tête-à-tête*." "—Titutit! I really begin to think he has lost his senses!" she grumbled to herself; and went to bring water and towels.

I had, as it proved upon closer inspection, not only cut several gashes into my scalp, but considerably scratched my forehead, nose, and

cheeks, which compelled me to apply seven or eight patches to the wounds, in consequence of which my face resembled a map of the old Holy Roman empire—one small strip by the side of the other.

My honest Mary had barely finished decorating my face, when the Southerner's gardener arrived with his master's compliments and the night-blooming cereus. He said that the Colonel hoped that I would not allow my accident to deprive me of the anticipated pleasure. This no less unexpected than delicate attention touched me deeply, and I forgot all my pain and mortification. Nor did my neighbor's kindness stop there. He not only sent me each morning some choice flowers with a polite inquiry into my condition, but paid me several personal visits of sympathy and condolence—courtesies which greatly cheered me during my confinement. It was, of course, impossible that I should leave the house with such a face. I avoided even the garden, and became thus entirely dependent for solace and companionship on my violin. But in the weary days of convalescence, the thought how much more pleasantly the hours would pass away if I had a wife, frequently obtruded itself upon me. A wife would chat, caress, and smile the wrinkles from my brow—all save that giggle—anything rather than that! I mentally added, with alarm. No, were she to giggle instead of laughing, it would only deepen the wrinkles. A bachelor's brain harbors such singular crotchets!

A fortnight, if not more, expired before I was able to dispense with my patches. The first use I made of my release was to pay a visit to my flowers, and the second to inspect the memorable brier-bush with which I had come into such an unpleasant collision. Having examined the state of my flowers, I turned toward the hedge. Conceive my surprise when I beheld there, in the spot where the

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brier-bush had stood, a neat rustic gate, over which was nailed a semi-circular board, bearing the legend—"Ever welcome to enter!" Now, it will be conceded that nothing could have been more thoughtful and kind than this substitution. What had I done to deserve such generous treatment! I naturally felt a redoubled anxiety to express my thanks for all these neighborly attentions and favors. Not seeing anyone on the adjoining grounds, I made up my mind to call on Colonel Sidmore and daughter the very next evening.

It was quite late in the afternoon when I started for my neighbor's residence. A tidy, good-looking mulatto girl answered my knock, and requested me to walk into the parlor—whence the tones of a piano, touched by a practiced hand, fell on my ear. Recognizing Beethoven's "*Sonata Pathétique*," I paused on the threshold, undecided whether to advance or retreat. But the temptation to hear one of my favorite compositions so admirably and feelingly rendered, determined the question; and I gently entered the apartment. Not to interrupt the musician, I remained standing on the soft carpet near the door, completely carried away with the delicious melodies which Beethoven scatters so lavishly through this charming *sonata*. As far as my eyes enabled me to see, the only occupant of the room was the lady at the instrument, and there was consequently none to welcome or notice me. The performer, evidently the daughter of the house, could not have heard me come in amidst the crashing of the keys. Strange and exceptional as my situation was, it pleased me all the more for its very oddity. I thought, however, that it might still be improved, for not far away from me stood a comfortable arm-chair—and as not even the finest music loses its charm by being heard sitting, I stole on tip-toe toward it. I had just reached the place, and was cautiously drop-

ping into the chair's luxurious depths, when a fearful hissing and spluttering noise, accompanied by an unaccountable sharp, burning pain, projected me almost into the centre of the room. The lady at the piano uttered a faint scream, exclaiming, "Heavens! what is the matter?" and retreated precipitately into the nearest window recess. For an instant I was utterly incapable of affording any explanation, not yet clearly understanding myself what had taken place. It was not until a mewling cat, with bristling fur and tail erect, bounded past me, that the mystery was solved. I had no doubt sat down on the sleeping animal, which had naturally resented the intrusion with its teeth and claws. Perceiving that the lady made a motion as though to escape from the room by another door, I hastened to reassure her.

"Do not run away, Miss Adele!" I cried, beseechingly: "it is I, your half-blind neighbor, who has come to thank you and the Colonel for the many undeserved acts of kindness and courtesies extended to him during his late confinement."

"Is it really you, Sir?" she exclaimed, regaining her self-possession. "How silly I was to be so easily frightened! I hope you will pardon me."

"It is I rather who should implore forgiveness," I said, warmly pressing the hand which she frankly extended to me.

"But how did you enter?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Not by the door through which you intended to escape," I replied in jest.

"But I did not hear you come in," she continued.

"Probably not," I rejoined, now entirely at my ease. "Unwilling to lose the gratification of hearing one of Beethoven's finest *sonatas* performed with such rare appreciation, I opened the door softly, and, to enjoy the treat the better, I attempted to sit down in that arm-chair."

Miss Adele burst into a peal of musical laughter, exclaiming with a comical affectation of distress: "But I hope you have not hurt my poor pussy!" Hereupon she called "Puss! Puss! come here!"

From the darkest corner of a sofa standing in the furthest part of the parlor came a responsive mewing. The young lady went to the sofa, caressed her favorite, and speedily convinced herself that puss had been (more lucky in this respect than I, as a certain burning sensation admonished me!) rather frightened than hurt.

Suddenly recollecting that we were alone, and that it was fast growing dark, Miss Adele said: "I must order lights, and let Pa know you are here." With these words she moved once more in the direction of the door.

"May I entreat you," I expostulated, "first to return to the piano and complete the *sonata* so unexpectedly interrupted?"

"The 'Sonata Pathetique,' after such a ridiculous catastrophe as this? No, neither of us are now any longer in a mood to enjoy it. Perhaps a couple of Mendelssohn's 'Lieder ohne Worte,' or something else equally light and airy, if" — here she hesitated, evidently at a loss whether to proceed or not.

"If"? I inquired, my curiosity excited.

"If you will promise to bring your violin, and play afterwards something for me in return."

"Who has told you that I occasionally play the violin?" I asked.

"No one," she replied, smiling; "nor was there the slightest necessity for it. I have often heard you myself playing far into the night, always regretting that the sounds should not be nearer."

"If you really desire it, I will at once go for my instrument," I said; "but I caution you in advance not to expect too much, for I am a mere *dilettanti*."

Very much pleased with the turn

matters were taking, I made for what I mistook for the next door, and ran head-foremost into a book-case; but luckily with no more serious damage than the tumbling over of several heavy volumes and a slight abrasion of my left brow. Determined not to be disheartened at this new blunder, I laughed heartily at the idea of having mistaken a large book-case, fitted into the wall, for one of the many doors of the room, and the young lady readily took the cue by joining her laughter to my own.

When our hilarity had subsided, Miss Adele anxiously demanded to know if I had hurt myself.

"Nothing to speak of," I replied: "only a small memento of my incurable awkwardness."

"Let me see," she said, sympathizingly. "Indeed, quite a blow — and so near the eye, too!" With this she laid her small, warm hand gently on the injured place, affording me an excellent opportunity to gaze fully into her beautiful face. "What a sweet expression! What honest eyes! What a pity!" — I sighed inwardly, "that she should be the property of another!"

Although I continued to protest most energetically that the hurt was not of the smallest consequence, she had some salve brought, and, after applying it to the injury, tied her white pocket-handkerchief round my doomed head. "Now you are all right," she said, when her self-assumed task was done.

I felt an almost irresistible desire to say something expressive of my gratitude and admiration, but contented myself with the bashful remark that "to be ministered by such kind hands I would gladly!"

"Run your head once more into a brier-bush!" she interrupted me, with a roguish look.

"I need no longer fear its perils — thanks to your excellent father's attentions and forethought," I replied, profoundly touched.

"But Pa was obliged to do it," she said, "or ——"

"What would have been the alternative of his neglect?" I demanded, noticing her hesitation.

"Or you might have ruined the entire hedge," she continued, laughing so heartily that I involuntarily followed her example.

"Now for the violin!" she cried.

"But, being again invalided, you had better stay where you are. I will send a servant for it to your house-keeper. Will she know where to find it?"

"Certainly," I replied, "for it hangs in my sitting-room."

"But your notes—how shall we get at them?"

"Notes!" I rejoined. "I carry them in my head. The little I know I play from memory."

She rang for the servant and gave her the necessary directions. I soon had my beloved Cremona in my hands, and felt perfectly at my ease. I was far more accustomed to express my deepest emotions and thoughts through the strings of that instrument than with my lips.

"Who is to begin?" I asked, bow in hand.

"I will, if you desire," she answered, seating herself at the piano. The piece selected by her on this occasion was one of those charming melodies for which Mendelssohn is justly famed. After listening a brief while, a singularly delicious sensation, never before experienced, stole over me. Under its inspiration, I grasped my bow more firmly, and began the air of a plaintive popular song, "At the quiet midnight hour," which I played, according to my invariable practice, walking up and down the floor, with extemporized variations. I was just then in the right mood, and my violin sang so caressingly and so tenderly that one might have supposed it shared my own feelings. I would perhaps have gone on in this way for hours, had I not suddenly

collided with a dark figure, and nearly lost my equilibrium. It was Colonel Sidmore with whom I had come so unexpectedly in contact. The daughter put him speedily in possession of what had occurred, which led to renewed laughter and merriment, followed by a cordial invitation to remain to tea, which I accepted. At the table, the conversation was sparkling and cheerful, and whenever it threatened to become too exclusively horticultural between the host and myself, the daughter always made us to dismount from our hobby by a sprightly diversion or open remonstrance.

It must have been close upon nine o'clock when we left the tea-table and returned to the parlor, where the Southerner proposed that we should play something together before separating for the night. I asked Miss Adele whether she knew Beethoven's *sonata* for the piano and violin. "Certainly," she answered, "and the *adagio* to it is one of my special favorites." "Nothing could have been more fortunate," I said: "let us play it together then."

And play it together we did! It seemed as if we had practiced for years—one instrument so perfectly accorded with the other. The notes which her fingers evoked from the keys were so many pearls, while my violin sang so sweetly, so intensely, that no nightingale in a balmy June night could have surpassed its melodies.

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted Colonel Sidmore, when the *adagio* was concluded. I sighed to think that it was over, and candidly said so.

"It depends entirely on yourself, whether we shall practice often in future," said the daughter, a faint blush mantling her cheek.

"If that is the case," I eagerly rejoined, "you may look for me and my violin almost daily."

It was long after eleven when I took my final leave, and strolled home in

a most delightful frame of mind. But on that night I could not sleep. This glimpse of domestic life afforded to me set all my pulses throbbing. "See, miserable that you are!" I said to myself, "what a genuine home is—how different from your own bachelor's den! Jane Thurston may not appear to advantage when compared with Adele Sidmore, but even though she should not possess one-tenth part of her mental and physical attractions, yet that tenth might suffice to make you a better and happier man. Her giggle is decidedly objectionable, but then she can easily be cured of that." At last, such an intense longing for sympathy and companionship possessed me that I seized once more my violin to give it expression. The charming song "At the quiet midnight hour" still haunted my brain, and I played it therefore over and over again, with constantly new variations. It must have been near dawn when I sought my pillow, my head filled with the most delicious fancies and dreams.

I need scarcely tell the gentle reader that I and my Cremona were after that memorable evening very often found at my neighbor's house. The society of this refined father and daughter pleased me more and more; and my old housekeeper, who soon observed this marked change in my habits, could not interpret it in any other way than to suppose that I had matrimonial designs on the young lady's hand. To spare me, as the good soul feared, the pain and mortification of a refusal, she deemed it her duty to speak plainly on the subject.

"Don't fall in love with Miss Adele," she said to me one day, when I was preparing to pay my usual visit; "she is already bespoken."

"I am, unfortunately, fully aware of the fact," I said, to quiet the solicitude of my housekeeper. "I only go there to practice." But the honest creature entirely mistook my meaning. "Fie, Sir!" she cried, indignantly;

"a man of your years to practice on a poor girl's feelings!" It was not until I had fully explained what kind of practice took me to Colonel Sidmore's that Mary recovered her usual placidity.

This incident, as well as the entirely new views of life which the intercourse with my Southern neighbors had taught me, tended much to strengthen my resolution to change my condition as soon as possible, and to bring home a wife. My friend had informed me that Jane Thurston was very favorably impressed by my personal appearance, and that I need not fear a refusal should I offer myself for her acceptance. There was to be a large party at the residence of one of our Supreme Court Judges, where I knew Miss Jane would be present, and I therefore decided also to attend it. I preferred, upon the whole, to propose in a crowded room, to going through the usual forms at her own house. At a party, I thought, things could be said and done far more easily and less ceremoniously. I communicated my intentions to my "guide, philosopher, and friend," who highly approved of them. "That is right, old boy," said he, slapping me encouragingly on the back: "strike the iron while it is hot! More than one happy match has been made at a party."

On the evening in question I made my appearance at Judge Brown's, much to the surprise of those acquaintances who had long given me up as a hopeless recluse. Slowly elbowing my way through the dense throng, I was soon joined by my friend, who pointed out to me Jane Thurston, then just entering the rooms. "She really looks her very best to-night," he said: "how well that white wreath becomes her black curls!"

Although my infirmity prevented me from appreciating these personal attractions—for the hot air of the rooms had led me to take off my glasses—I soon ascertained, from the well-remembered giggle with which

she greeted some acquaintances, that my intended was near. That giggle I could have recognized among a thousand! I involuntarily frowned, and registered a solemn mental vow to break her of this detestable habit after marriage. Laugh she should to her heart's content, when there was reasonable cause for it; but this silly giggle, without the shadow of a provocation, I never could or would endure in a wife!

Having looked at the dancers for a couple of hours, I thought it time to proceed to the important business on hand. I had managed, by an occasional resort to my eye-glass, to keep a pretty steady watch on Miss Jane's movements, and in this I was greatly assisted by the white wreath on the black curls. The last I had seen of her, she was waltzing with a rather staid-looking elderly gentleman. This waltz had just come to an end, and I thought I saw her partner conduct her to a bay-window, where he left her with a bow to fulfil some other engagement. I quickly reached the spot. Pushing aside the heavy damask curtain in whose shade she was half-concealed, I seized her hand, and formally proposed in a few hurried but earnest words. Although no reply was vouchsafed at first, the fluttering of the warm, soft hand, which nestled in my own, proved that my speech had made an impression, and I silently thanked my stars (I may as well confess it now) that no horrid giggle marred the solemnity of the occasion. On the contrary, after a few faint pressures of the little hand, now growing very precious to me, the following reply was tremulously breathed in my ear: "If such an unworthy girl can content you, and make you as happy as I hope to be myself, I say yes. But I cannot take such an important step without my father's consent. Though not doubting it, you had better call on him to-morrow for a formal answer. Now, release my hand, and go. We are being noticed."

Proud as a conqueror who has won his first battle against overwhelming odds, I emerged from the bay-window. I did not feel so much elated that Jane Thurston was now as good as mine, but because I had for once been successful. For the first time in the whole course of my blundering life, I had taken a really important and decisive step, without some mishap, either ridiculous or painful, attending it. Highly elated, I plunged into the thickest of the crowd with the intention of apprizing my friend of my brilliant success. Nor was it long before I found him, but not alone. On his arm hung a young lady, who greeted me on my approach with an unmistakable giggle, and the words:

"Is it quite proper, Mr. Recluse, to monopolize the society of a young lady so long in the shadow of a window recess?"

Merciful heaven! I felt as if a thunderbolt had burst over my head! What had I done now? Had I proposed to and been accepted by a stranger? Almost losing my senses, I stammered out some incoherent sounds, intended to allege a sudden illness, and, turning my back abruptly on Miss Jane and my puzzled friend, rushed from the rooms. Out on the street, I struck my forehead with my clenched fists with such violence that a skull less hard and thick than mine would surely have been cracked. "It is all over with me," I exclaimed, when at home; "my splendid success has turned out the most stupendous folly I have ever yet committed! A scandal like this will make people point me out in public with their fingers!" I ran up and down my study like a caged beast, leading my housekeeper seriously to doubt my sanity. Taking up my violin, I played on it all sorts of wild and demoniac airs, and with such a degree of violence that string after string snapped, and the bow itself finally broke in my hand. I then flung the companion who had never yet for-

saken me, on the floor, and myself, without even taking off my evening dress, on a lounge. Strange feverish phantoms haunted me all night; and I arose in the morning without having closed my eyes once, and with a raging pulse. My first thought was naturally the unfortunate adventure of the previous evening. What would be its consequences? I was to call this day for an answer, yet I knew not from whom or where! One thing I was, however, fully resolved upon: come what might, I would keep my engagement like an honest man. Still, I dreaded the *denouement*—uncertain whether it would result for good or evil.

Somewhat to quiet my unstrung nerves and my feverish blood, I went into the garden; but its flowers had no balm for me. All sorts of desperate schemes floated through my throbbing brain. To excuse my non-appearance in the eyes of my unknown bride, I thought I would feign illness and keep my bed. I thought also of feigning a sudden, unavoidable business journey, and of disappearing for a few months. I then thought of addressing to my *incognita* an anonymous note, through the advertising columns of our local journals, asking for a private interview, and thus bringing about an explanation. In brief, I knew not what to do nor what to leave undone; and yet, in the midst of all this distress, a tantalizing curiosity asserted its right. Who could she have been that had suffered her hand to rest so confidently in mine, that had spoken to me in such sweet and affectionate tones? Even my defective vision had sufficiently revealed to me that she possessed a faultless womanly form, and the sound of her voice had convinced me that she was young and well-bred; and she must really love me, or my reception would have been entirely different! Who, then, could she be? What was her name? In one word, the more I pondered over the mystery, the more bewildering it became.

At this stage my painful meditations were interrupted by a voice which called me by name from the other side of the hedge. It was Colonel Sidmore, who wanted to know whether I was disengaged.

Though sorely tempted to say *no*, the recollection of my neighbor's uniform kindness and many attentions overcame my repugnance to his society at that particular time, and I replied, "Always—especially when I can be of any service to you."

"You will perhaps be surprised that I should seek you instead of waiting for your contemplated visit," said my neighbor, with even more than his usual cordiality of manner, as he entered my garden; "but the truth is, that I have a very important appointment to keep, and I thought, therefore, it might be better to discuss our affair before being called away."

Though I had paid close attention to what he said, the meaning of his speech was not clear to me. I strained my memory in vain, but could recall no affair that required special discussion between us, nor indeed anything which should have induced him to visit me at this unusually early hour. There seemed so evidently a misunderstanding about the matter, that I was just saying so when he proceeded:

"You spoke last night to my daughter Adele."

"I spoke to her!" I cried, perfectly amazed. "Was Miss Adele at Judge Brown's party?" and mumbling out something which was probably no more intelligible to him than to myself, I breathlessly waited for the reply.

Without appearing to heed my question, Colonel Sidmore, evidently deeply engaged in his own thoughts, quietly continued:

"My daughter informed me late last night of the honor you had done her."

A flood of light suddenly poured down upon me! So it was Adele Sid-

more to whom I had formally proposed on the previous evening! Great heavens!—this business was even worse and more disgraceful than I had anticipated! The blood rushed to my brain, and I felt as if I would have a stroke of apoplexy. "This will be the feather"—I thought to myself—"which breaks the camel's back!" The idea of having proposed so unceremoniously to a young lady known to be as good as married already! What must she—what must her father—think of my conduct? I knew myself to be innocent; but though I wanted to explain, not a syllable could I utter in self-justification. My head swam: I began to fear that I would fall, and had to lean for support against a tree. There I stood, utterly confounded and crushed.

My neighbor seemed, however, to interpret my silence and confusion rather favorably than otherwise. After a searching but kindly glance at me, he went on calmly, even with a certain solemnity of manner: "I can readily sympathize with your suspense, and will therefore put an end to it."

I trembled, but remained silent—hoping, however, in my inmost heart, that the business might not turn out so badly after all.

"But," Colonel Sidmore proceeded, after a brief pause, slightly hesitating, as if embarrassed, "as a gentleman, I owe you first an explanation. Let us take a short turn in the garden," he added, linking his arm familiarly with mine. After we had promenaded in silence several times up and down, he began once more: "To bring the whole matter to a focus, you must know that my Adele"—

"Is engaged?" I interrupted him with a groan.

"Was engaged," he corrected me, noticing my doleful expression with evident amazement.

"Was!" I shouted, suddenly withdrawing my arm, and stepping in front of him so that I might read his face.

"Certainly," he replied, still more

amazed at what must have appeared to him a most inexplicable question. "If she still had been, your offer would scarcely have received serious consideration."

There could be no doubt that this was so: and yet, dolt that I was, I had never thought of it! But I trembled now all the more at what would follow, though it was no longer with despair.

"My dear girl's engagement," said the Colonel, "was the result of one of those foolish family compacts by which parents at times seek to control the future destinies of their children. But though Adele's intended husband was the son of my oldest and dearest friend, I never quite liked the young man, nor did he, I believe, ever inspire my daughter with any sentiment warmer than friendship. Still, the marriage would probably have taken place eventually, but for the unfortunate political differences which began to divide the people of the South in 1860. But why enter here upon a very painful story? Suffice it to say that we were, like so many other loyal families, compelled to leave our home, after my only son had been killed. Adele's intended was one of the ruffians who instigated a drunken mob to attack our plantation, in defending which poor George was shot through the heart. That a marriage should under such circumstances be impossible, needs scarcely be said—though I deem it my duty that you should know all about this previous engagement before being irrevocably committed."

I could not suppress a shout of joy and exultation on hearing the last sentences.

"The dearest hope of my life," I cried, throwing my arms round the Colonel, "is that you will consider me irrevocably committed; but I fear that when you hear my confession—for I also have something to disclose—you may no longer deem me worthy of this unexpected happiness."



My neighbor gave me a sharp, searching glance. He was evidently greatly perplexed.

"You know," I said, after a brief pause, during which I gathered courage for the painful revelation to follow, "that I am the victim of near-sightedness, and have yourself seen some of the awkward predicaments into which this infirmity has placed me."

"I certainly have," replied he, with a faint smile; "even if this hedge"—pointing to it—"were not so near to refresh my memory on the subject."

"Very well," I continued, gaining confidence; "when I proposed to your daughter last evening, I—I"—

"Well, what then?" impatiently demanded the Colonel.

"I, I, I then—believed"—

"Believed what? Out with it!" he exclaimed, curtly.

"I then believed that I was proposing to some one else!"

It was out at last, and I felt an immense relief that this load was off my mind.

"But, by George! that is a little too much!" said my neighbor, almost shouting with laughter. "Then it must have been through me that you first discovered you had addressed my daughter?"

"Exactly so, neighbor," I replied, happy to see him so merry; and as the Colonel still continued to laugh, I did what seemed most politic under the circumstances, and laughed with him.

The comic side of the adventure having been heartily enjoyed by the Colonel, he became once more serious and thoughtful. He paced up and down the gravel walk, now and then ominously shaking his head, like one in doubt, which began to make me again uneasy. At last he stopped in front of me, and said:

"But this is really a very strange and unaccountable blunder!"

"Yes," I admitted, considerably depressed; "but it lies in your power

to make it the luckiest ever committed by me."

"And what of the young lady?" he asked, doubtfully. "I mean the one to whom you intended to propose?"

"She will probably giggle, should she happen to hear of the mistake," I replied, "and then accept the next man who proposes to marry her."

"But have you not raised expectations in that quarter which no honorable man should disappoint?"

"Expectations?" I answered, truthfully; "none at all! I have spoken to her only twice. The fact is, I was tired of my loneliness, and anxious to marry. She whom I could have loved—your daughter—I supposed to be engaged, and dared therefore not to address her. Yet, being determined to change my condition, I had to find a wife somewhere. With what results that search was attended, you know. Now, tell me plainly, have I any right to hope?"

"My dear Sir," said the Colonel, profoundly affected by my evident distress, "you have had a better guide in Providence than in your own eyes. If you will promise to take good care of my dear girl, my consent shall not be withheld."

"Hurrah!" I shouted in the excess of my joy, and ran to throw myself at Adele's feet—but this time through the gate, not the hedge. In the shade of the grove I met a fluttering white dress, embraced its wearer, covered her face with kisses—only to discover that my caresses had been lavished on the gardener's pretty daughter. Leaving the girl to think what she liked of my conduct, I rushed up-stairs into the sitting-room—nearly trampling puss to death—where, sinking with the cry, "He has consented!" at the feet of my beloved, I covered her hands with kisses. With a sweet smile and tearful eyes she made me look up, pushed the tangled hair from my feverish brow, bent gently down and kissed me, murmuring, "Dearest, how

happy I am to know that you love me! If that love endures, I shall be blessed indeed."

"See, Adele!" I cried, pressing her to my throbbing heart, and gazing fondly into her heavenly eyes; "like another blind Tobias, I have hitherto wandered lonely through this world. Now I shall no longer grope my way in darkness. It is for this that I am so inexpressibly glad and grateful."

In this way we conversed for a while, baring to each other the innermost recesses of our hearts. Then she said: "Go, dearest, for your violin, and play something for me." I was just in the right mood for it; and who was better entitled to share my joy and happiness than this faithful companion of so many sad hours? But I had first to repair the damages of the previous night. When this was done, I hardly knew what to play. My heart was literally overflowing with deep gratitude to Him whose merciful hand had guided the poor mortal to the right goal; but how was I to give fit expression to this feeling? At last I began, with full, long-drawn, powerful strokes, the verse, "Praise the Lord God, the mighty King of heaven and earth." Adele sat by with reverently-folded hands and half-closed lids.

When I had concluded, she embraced me tenderly, whispering with tears of emotion in her eyes: "Dearest, how could you see so into my heart? You have played from my very soul."

It was in this manner that we celebrated the blessed hour of our betrothal.

What more remains for me to tell? I was the happiest man in the wide world. Within something less than two months, I brought home Adele as my wife. The hedge between the two places was removed, and as our houses were connected by a walled and covered passage, the Colonel and ourselves may now be said to have one common household. Our singular courtship, which somehow leaked out, occasioned much fun in the city; and Jane Thurston—who was married to a captain in the army before the year expired—is reported to have giggled till the tears ran down her cheeks. But no one has perhaps laughed more heartily over my lucky blunder than my dear wife, to whom I related the story shortly after our betrothal. Well, she and I had both good cause to laugh, for it is those who are really happy that can afford to laugh from the heart.

#### THE OLD CONGRESS AND THE NEW.

THE broken truncheon of dead royalty is greeted always with tokens of grief: in the same breath, the symbol of the new king is hailed joyously. In a republic, the order is reversed. When a legislature, which holds the sceptre of popular sovereignty, dies, the people feel a sense of relief. Upon the assembling of a legislative body, there is no little apprehension of corrupt jobbery. This is true in the case of both State and Federal legislatures, but more

particularly of the former. Congress is upon a hill so high that every proceeding is known to all intelligent citizens; while much of State legislation escapes notoriety. The consciousness that the common eye is upon them, has a restraining effect upon our national legislators.

Upon the third day of March, the Forty-first Congress will close its career and be succeeded by the Forty-second. In a democracy, as in a monarchy, the king never dies. For-

merly, however, there was an interregnum; but under the present law the sun sets upon one body only to rise upon the other. Standing, as we now do, at the tomb of the Old and the cradle of the New Congress, it becomes every considerate American citizen to contemplate both, and to ponder the lesson of this biennial—which is, as we shall see, something more than the end and beginning of a Congressional era.

It may be well to state here, that the exact membership of the next House of Representatives cannot now be told. A law may be enacted, based on the new or ninth census, increasing the representation of the growing States; or re-apportionment may not go into effect until March, 1873. It is well known that Illinois alone, of all the thirty-seven States of the Union, has a Congressman-at-large, there having been a blunder in the original districting of the State by the General Assembly. On the plan of representation at large, the increase justified by the census returns could be provided. The Western States demand it, the Eastern States oppose it. Yet the issue is not wholly sectional. The Western States all being Republican—with the exception of Indiana, which is not reliable either way—would be sure to elect upon general tickets none but Republicans; and so with some, party is stronger than section. It could make no difference, however, to the purposes of this survey, whether the increase be allowed or disallowed, as the general situation will in neither event be perceptibly affected; for the Republicans will have about a two-thirds majority any way. This branch of Congress, which at first consisted of only sixty-five members, now numbers two hundred and eighty. The addition of a few more members would hardly be perceptible.

In glancing at the two Congresses, one's attention is first arrested by the number of changes in membership.

We seem to be returning to the ante-war system of rotation in office. To be elected to either branch of Congress more than twice, was the exception at the North; to serve only one term betokened special unpopularity, while more than two terms was equally noticeable. When the war forced us to see "the open secrets" of the South, the public became impressed with the fact that Southern members of Congress had exerted far more influence upon national legislation than the Northern members, because they were generally kept in office much longer. Consequently, there was a very general disposition, this side of the now obsolete but once most real Mason-and-Dixon's line, to retain the same men in Congress, unless they had proved unfaithful. This purpose was strengthened by the delays in reconstruction.

Republicans were returned as an endorsement of the Radical policy; Democrats were returned as a sanction of their hostility to the dominant party. As reconstruction was an inseparable part of the war, so the several steps taken in its adjustment were so interlinked as to greatly help incumbents to be their own successors. A reaction began in 1868, and was far stronger and more general in 1870. In some cases, skilful wire-pulling secured a re-nomination—only to result in defeat at the polls. In no other State was this rotary reaction so noticeable as in Illinois and Iowa. Four of the six Iowa Congressmen are entirely new men, and the other two had served but one term. In Illinois, the second district—hitherto the banner Republican district of the whole country—was almost lost; and the Fifth and Eighth were entirely lost, although both are strongly Republican. In each case the explanation is to be found in the one word—rotation.

Whether the New Congress will be as able a body as the Old, time must determine. In the loss of General Schenck from the Chairmanship of

that most important of Committees, the one on Ways and Means, the national legislature loses a man of large experience, strong common sense, and indomitable energy — yet not a man of sufficient breadth and grasp for a political leader in times like these. Messrs. Cullom, Allison, Ingersoll, Orth, Logan, Ferry, and others who might be named, have wrought long and well in the Lower House, and now retire from it, the two last named being raised to the Senate. They will each be missed in the routine of committee-work and in the debates; still we can but say, with the drowsy bard of "Christabel":

"There is no lack of such, I ween,  
As well fill up the space between."

In the conduct of the war and in the political reorganization of the South, the wheel-horses of the Republican party, so many of whom are now placed on the retired list, did well. Even their political opponents must admit that their work has stood the supreme test—the verdict of the people. The country has commended them, and we may hope that the future will justify that commendation. But all that has passed now, and it by no means follows, consequently, that those who were equal to the emergency of the last epoch would meet the demands of the present one.

As for the new men, they are still more problematic. Looking at the Congress so soon to come into existence, one finds a paucity of statesmen and a surfeit of politicians. And this remark is quite as true of the upper as the lower house. This is the period of barter and "ring" combinations. The man with the largest grindstone bears off the palm of victory in the legislative caucus and the delegate convention. This is the worst feature of American politics to-day. We need at least one really great statesman in Congress—such as France had in Colbert, England in Pitt, Italy in Cavour, and America in Jefferson.

Both Houses would be searched in vain for a competent leader. True, California, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Texas, are still to hold their Congressional elections, but there is no reason to expect a real statesman from either of the four commonwealths named. Sumner is erudite and upright, and acts for the verdict of the future; Morton is crafty and temporizing; Logan is ambitious and unscrupulous; Wheeler is careful and judicious; Dawes is honest; and Butler is — Butler; but not one of them all has given proof of competence to lead the nation in this its New Era, while a majority of them have shown utter incapacity for direct legislation in the present emergency—for it is an emergency.

It may well be feared that the New Congress will stumble along through its two years' existence—a sort of political megalosaurus. The Forty-first Congress will exhaust very nearly, if not quite, all the surplus capital of the party. Its immediate successor must be the great pathfinder, pioneering the way to new gold-fields. The search may prove vain, but there is no standing still. The next Fourth of March will do something more than usher in another legislative body. It is not so much a new king to be crowned, as a new dynasty to be established. The United States has reached an epoch in its political history. The last chapter has been finished of a work with three tomes—Slavery, Union, and Reconstruction, each forming one volume in the series.

From the time when slavery became an issue in politics until all resultant questions had been decided, this country was passing through what may fitly be called the Emotional Epoch.

The anti-slavery agitation dates back more than a generation; but it was the passage of the notorious Fugitive Slave Law that brought the long germinating acorn to the surface. The measure intended by the wise-

acres of 1850 to kill the sprouting seed, only quickened it. The Nebraska Act came in 1854, and made the slender twig strong enough to bear the burden of a national party. The first year of the last decade was crowned with the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, on the anti-slavery issue. The ten years from the inauguration of Lincoln until now, have witnessed the complete triumph of the distinctive principles of the Republican party. When the people elected Grant and the Forty-first Congress, the issue so long at stake in one form or another was settled; and henceforth it was necessary only to repeat the motto of William the Silent, "I will maintain." Statesmen and politicians—a distinction with a vast difference—cannot afford to ignore these two facts: that all since then has been merely transitional, and that there can be no resurrection of by-gone issues. Dead bodies must be left to the hyenas, the demonstrators of anatomy, or the grave-worms. Treasured in all the balms of Egypt and with all Coptic cunning, it is but a corpse preserved. Two years of hovering over the tomb should well suffice.

This period from 1850 to 1870 we call the Emotional Epoch—because the great thing for all, from the humblest voter to the highest official, was to entertain right sentiments and be true to them. Who need be reasoned with upon the wrong of robbing a fellow-man of himself? of the duty of maintaining the Government assailed by armed treason, and of giving citizen rights to those who have been the nation's defenders in the hour of peril? In fine, from first to last the truths of the Republican party were almost axiomatic in their character. The great want was ever to arouse the people from their lethargy and make them realize the force and bearing of what they all knew to be true.

This generation has thus been fed

on the manna of sentiment rather than on the hard-tack of logic. The exigencies of the case demanded it. But the Emotional Epoch is over now. We must all, from the commander-in-chief to the humblest private, forego the delicious sweets of sentiment and confine our diet to less palatable questions of philosophical principles and practical expediency. We must unlearn some of our political lore, and gain a vast amount hitherto unconned. With the clanking of chains in our ears and the trailing of the flag before our eyes, a "fine frenzy" was statesmanship; and such terms as policy, compromise, and expediency, became synonyms for meanness, cowardice, and treason. It is that which we must unlearn. Compromise really underlies all society and renders its existence possible; policy dictates all social and civil organizations; while without expediency we should relapse speedily into anarchy. In one of his inspiring letters to General Washington, Thomas Paine, one of the most brilliant and sensible of political writers, said, "These are times that try men's souls." This was quite as true, though in a somewhat different sense, of the period through which the nation has just passed. But *these* are the times that try men's brains. The statesman of to-day is confronted by the old question of Tariff, with the new ingredient of an immense revenue demand; with the Bank question, so old and yet so new; with the Bond question, entirely new to American politics in its present aspect; with the Shipping problem, essentially new in our legislation; with Civil Service Reform, a subject rendered of cardinal importance by the vastly augmented amount of patronage now wielded as a party club; and finally, with the Railway enigma, which has never yet been grappled with in right good earnest, and which is the veritable Sphinx come again. If no Edipus appear to solve its riddle, our country will be

in a worse plight than was ancient Thebes.

It is not the object of this paper to point out the true method of dealing with these great questions. No one can so forecast the developments of the future as to pronounce oracularly upon questions so momentous—upon which, too, the lamp of the past throws only a feeble and far-away flicker. But the New Congress must wrestle with them all. If the members are wise, they will, primarily, adopt the Lincolnian method, rather than accept a policy in advance and adhere to it in blind disregard of the unfoldings of events. They will also be close students.

Legists search for precedents as for hid treasures; and statesmen should read carefully the records of experience. Never was this duty more imperious than in the case of the members of the Forty-second Congress. A few screams of the Bird of Freedom will not answer. The cloquence of knowledge, the inspiration of solid sense, are required. The man who trusts to oratorical power,

or appeals to the moral nature simply, will inevitably fail. But knowledge might come unaccompanied by wisdom. This country is in a very different condition now from what it ever was before; and then, too, a line of policy that might be wise for a little country like England would not necessarily be so for this vast continent. We need to apply the principles of political economy wrought out by the great thinkers—men like Adam Smith, Say, McCulloch, and Mill. The needs of this day and land will require the very highest order of ability, and, withal, tireless fidelity.

The Forty-second Congress has the immediate fate of the Republican party in its keeping. The biennial which begins what should prove the Epoch of Thought, will determine the next presidential election. If the party flounders through the probationary period without hitting upon the legislation actually needed by the country, the people will write upon its cenotaph, "The glory has departed," and pass on.

FRANK GILBERT.

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IDLE HOURS. SONNET II.

O CALM retreat! O love - delighted bowers!  
 Where not alone the woodbine twines and blooms,  
 But all ideal beauty lights the glooms;  
 Where Poesy—that Inspiration dowers  
 And Genius nurtures in the mind and heart,  
 Till grown to forms of high creative Art—  
 Yields rare delight through all the tranquil hours,  
 The happy Idle Hours! O moments blest!  
 O solitudes instinct with higher life  
 To medicine the soul—its care and strife,  
 Its low desires, its prone world-weary quest,—  
 When in your sacred haunts of wood and glen  
 I respite seek from toil, oh, yield again  
 A joy beyond—those sweeter fruits of Rest!

## ABOUT RATTLESNAKES.

THE peculiar attributes ascribed to the serpent by the mythologies of heathen nations, and the intense antipathy with which believers in a revealed religion have ever regarded it, serve to throw around this remarkable creature a certain degree of interest. The apparently instinctive abhorrence of man for the snake has excited and received thoughtful consideration, as being important evidence of the authenticity of the Mosaic record, in which offended Deity is said to consign this reptile and its progeny to ignominy and the avenging wrath and hatred of man during all time; and this discussion has no doubt stimulated investigation as to its habits and peculiarities. This investigation shows that the *venomous* serpents of our Northern States possess no small degree of interest and claim upon our consideration.

It is assumed that the reader does not care for a strict scientific classification of the different species of one family; and so the "banded" rattlesnake—which is the kind most commonly found in the Northeastern States, and which possesses all the leading characteristics of its *genus*—will be taken as a sample of the whole family. The writer would, however, simply remark that the varieties found west of New York are generally smaller in size and less active in their movements than the example above selected, although their venom—and especially that of the so-called "*Mas-sassauga*" of the West—is none the less potent. In other respects there is but slight difference in the few species found in the North; and this difference is mainly one of structure and form.

Our most observing naturalists concur in the opinion that the Northern tier of the United States and Territo-

ries, and Canada, afford no indigenous venomous serpents except the *crotalide* or rattlesnake family. Although some other ophidians found within those bounds are very commonly supposed, and by inaccurate observers positively asserted, to be death-dealers, and their wounds have in peculiar cases proved dangerous and sometimes fatal, still, they are not more frequently so than wounds by insects; and when they are fatal, more may be justly laid to something abnormal in the condition of the victim—a scrofulous *diathesis*, etc.—than to any venom imparted by the reptiles.

The *crotalide* are distinguished from all other ophidians by their peculiar "rattles," to which they owe their generic name—as is, perhaps, too obvious for remark. This apparatus, it may be, is too well known to warrant describing, and indeed is very difficult to describe without drawings. It consists of a series of light, thin, horny cups or sockets, loosely interjoined in "ball and socket" fashion. These are flattened from the top, and form a tapering appendage to the body, the last one being narrower than the first. The first rattle is only a prolongation of the *vertebra*, and affords a sort of ball, or knob, for the succeeding hollow cup or socket to clasp; and this, in turn, furnishes another knob for its successor to lay hold of, and so on till the series terminates in a rudimentary "button"—all being strung together quite loosely, but with more strength than one would suppose possible at first glance. Nothing less than nervous and vigorous agitation of this little cacophonous caudal arrangement, could produce sounds so startling and terrifying—almost impossible to be described or explained. The monition of this reptile is not nearly as loud as that of



many even smaller creatures; but there is something so weird and almost paralyzing in the sound, that even though never heard before, the stranger shrinks from it with instinctive dread. With their "rattles" they make a kind of whirring noise, not much unlike that of the locust (the *cicada*) of the North, only not so loud or sharp.

Generally, rattlesnakes use their reptilian alarm as a timely warning of their presence and hostile intentions, or as a call to their mates; but they sometimes strike without premonition, especially if suddenly disturbed, or during the time of changing their skins, when they are found to be blind and are partially deaf. The warning of the rattlesnake affects almost all animals with instantaneous terror, inspired by instinct. They are apprized that dreadful peril lurks close at hand; and horses, mules, and cattle will break at once away from all restraint and flee, in quivering fear, far from the dreaded monition, although perhaps never heard by them before. This uncontrollable dread has occasioned many accidents in harvest-fields, by teams suddenly jumping and throwing their drivers from high loads, or trampling men under foot in their fright. It is commonly supposed that a section of the rattles grows each year after the third; but this is not an invariable law. Under favorable conditions, they will grow five in three years, or even three in two years; so the number of sections, or rattles, does not afford an infallible test of age, more especially as they are liable to lose a length or two of them in snapping through underbrush and over obstacles. A specimen with seventeen sections lost two of them at once, in a fight with a black snake.

Swine betray but little fear of these serpents, and eat them with evident relish, eschewing the head. A swine, with snout uplifted as high as possible, will approach the snake and suffer its stroke under the throat, in the thick,

tough hide of which, its fangs stick for a little, when the brute straightway tramples it to death with commendable *nonchalance*. So, at least, credible eye-witnesses affirm, and one or two accurate and interesting writers have accepted and recorded as fact; with the remark that swine, being *pachyderms*, with a thick deposit of adipose matter under the throat, in which it is difficult to reach the circulation, adds probability—or at least plausibility—to the statement. After all, it is difficult to conceive how the fangs can stick in the skin without reaching the circulation—without drawing blood.

Deer, when they have young—and, hunters are fond of asserting, at no other time—will jump upon rattlesnakes and kill them instantly with their sharp little hoofs drawn closely together. They take care not to come within possible reach of their foe—so much is certain; and hence the length of their leaps and the certainty of their aims, as well as the bitter animosity they manifest in watching the snake and their caution in preparing to attack it, attest a most wonderful, ever ready, and unerring instinct. It is stated that while thus engaged you may approach unheeded and lay hands upon a deer! That they leap upon their horrible enemy, there is no doubt; and if they hit it with either foot, they no doubt disable and very probably kill it instantly.

We have all heard marvellous stories of the power of ophidians—especially of rattlesnakes—to "charm," or fascinate, small birds or animals; but it is not universally conceded by the authorities, and many learned ophiologists deny its existence emphatically. Birds, we must remember, are silly creatures in many respects, when estimated by human judgment or compared with some other members of the animal kingdom. They may be manipulated and operated upon in so many ways—fooled into doing such senseless

things—that we can believe almost any stories of their folly in rushing to the embrace of the wily and cruel reptile instead of taking wing for safety, and that this may happen without the employment of much of any mysterious reptilian mesmerism. The incredulous reader may easily satisfy himself on this point, by a very few experiments with domestic fowls or cage-birds, or by consulting accurate writers on the subject. Du Chaillu mentions having seen (in Africa) a serpent charming a squirrel; but the details given do not warrant a definite conclusion. For aught that appears, the little creature may have been bitten rather than influenced by any power put forth by its captor. Almost all the incidents related of the serpent's power of "charming," come to us at second-hand, or from unreliable sources—from persons with more imagination or superstition than discrimination and accurate observation.

It is believed that certain persons have a mysterious and occult influence over rattlesnakes, invading their habitat and handling them (in their natural condition) with impunity. Wherein this horrible domination lies, has never been explained; and it is said the "snake-charmers" themselves cannot, or will not, reveal it, further than to say that the serpents fear them. Such persons are known to exist in Oriental countries: why not in this as well? It is remarked that this control seems to be exerted by a steady, unflinching gaze (never for one moment averted by the foolhardy bravado) directly into the eyes of the serpent. Dr. Holmes makes this weird relationship between a heroine and her loathsome ophidian familiars, one of the leading incidents in a very interesting novel—"Elsie Venner." How much real foundation there is for some of the author's statements, is rather out of our province to discuss; the curious reader is referred to the work itself. This

power over serpents, it may be remarked, seems to be exercised only upon venom-bearing genera; at least, I have never seen mentioned its employment upon innocuous kinds.

Rattlesnakes, as is well known, are provided with two jointed hollow fangs, situated on either side and the anterior part of the upper jaw; lying flat on the roof of the mouth when the creature is quiet, but erectile at will when irritated, and inclining slightly forward when erect. Large fangs are rather more than three-eighths of an inch in length, are very slender, and as sharp as finely-pointed needles. Their peculiar form and the shape and position of the cavities can only be properly shown by drawings. At the base of each fang lies a venom-sac, upon which the temporal muscles press when a stroke is delivered, thus discharging the venom into the fangs, through which it is injected into the wound. These sacs contain from four to six drops—as a general rule—of a pale, amber-colored, oily fluid, resembling good salad-oil, but of a thinner consistence, and having a slightly pungent taste when fresh, constituting their deadly poison, from which a white powder has been obtained by a skilful chemist, which he has named *crotaline*, and which possesses all the active properties of its derivative; and this term will be used by me occasionally as synonymous with the poison in its natural state or *in situ*. This crotalic venom seems to be secreted in any desired quantity; for specimens after being made to bite animals a great many times in rapid succession, are found to have suffered no apparent diminution of their secretion—although it is probable, to be sure, that but a fraction of a drop is injected at each stroke.

It was a tradition among the New England tribes of Indians, that rattlesnakes, upon leaving their winter quarters in the spring, have no venom ready in store and cannot secrete any

until they have had access to water, which they are said (upon the same authority) to seek at once. This assertion does not seem to be noticed by ophiologists, and I have never had an opportunity to test its truth; but, reasoning from analogy and the habits and natures of other venom-uttering species, there would seem to be no ground for it.

The venom-fangs and sacs may be easily extirpated; and for the benefit of curious readers interested in the subject, the following may be taken as probably the most feasible mode of operating: Take a soft pine stick about two inches wide by an inch thick and five or six feet long. In one end cut out a semi-circular notch about an inch in diameter and rather less than an inch deep—large enough, at any rate, to fit well over the neck without pinching it. On one side of the stick, near the end, tack a soft leathern strap (about as long as the stick), and let it pass over the end so notched, and through a wire staple driven into the opposite side, near the end. Having let out the strap to form a loop, pass it over and just back of the head of the specimen, when, by pulling the strap home, the neck will be compressed into the notch fitted to receive it, and the head may thus be held securely in place, without any danger or the possibility of its wriggling out, and in position for operating. Thrust a soft pine sliver into the mouth, just back of the fangs, thus keeping it open. With a pair of small-sized clockmaker's pliers, the fangs may be seized in turn, and will generally yield to a gentle, steady pull, and come out, sac and all. If the specimen is an old one, and there is danger of unnecessary pain or laceration, a sharp-pointed blade may be of use to cut, or rather to pry, around the base of the fang a little, and thus aid in bringing it out neatly and entire. Care must be used not to draw the strap too tightly nor handle the creature roughly, as the *vertebrae* are

of delicate mechanism and easily dislocated—which, by the way, is a beneficent provision for man's safety. Large and venomous serpents may be utterly disabled by a single stroke of an ordinary coach-whip, or even a switch; while small, harmless snakes are more tenacious of life. The tyro would better secure experienced assistance in his first few operations; otherwise the infuriated, malignant glare of those gleaming and most expressive eyes, and the nervous writhings of the repulsive man-hater, as it threshes about in fractious rage, may disconcert undisciplined nerves and lead to dangerous consequences. One needs courage and great self-control to overcome a natural abhorrence of the most horrifying object in all Nature's array of animated abominations; he must school himself if he would study them profitably and operate skilfully. It is suggested to let the body of the specimen remain in a box, only drawing the head out conveniently far for operating. And, above all, do not unnecessarily torture or torment it—even though it is but an ugly, detestable creature. God made it; it had no choice in the hideous form it bears; and so it has rights which every true lover of Nature feels bound to respect. Kill it if you will, but forbear unnecessary torture—anything which scientific investigation does not fully justify. With this plea for our snake, I resume.

It is too commonly supposed that this operation in ophidian dentistry renders the serpent harmless ever afterwards. This is a mistake. New fangs and filled sacs will develop in from six to eight weeks, which, though not as large as the primary set, are as capable of doing their deadly work; and this fact, among other things, leads me to doubt the accuracy of the Indian tradition alluded to above. And this and the fact that the fangs may be so readily extracted, leads me to infer that rattlesnakes sometimes lose their weapons in hostile

encounters, wherefore Nature kindly accommodates them with renewed apparatus. This discovery was rather forcibly impressed upon me by a startling incident, never remembered without a shudder. A rattler, five feet and two inches long, with sixteen rattles and a "button"—the rudimentary additional one—about eight weeks after its fangs had been extracted, bit and killed a rat; and examination revealed a new growth of fangs—a thing I had supposed to be impossible. Only the day before this incident, supposing it to be harmless, of course, I had taken up and handled this same specimen for several minutes! I can only ascribe my escape from a fearful wound—in the very face, perhaps—to the fact that it was tame; at least, familiar with my hand and voice, as I had often fed and always treated it kindly—with a sort of respectful caution, for it rather unmans the nerves to be struck at by one, even when it has no fangs and you know it can do no serious injury. I have fancied—and it may be nothing but a fancy—that they are less apt to strike when they are so deprived. There is no doubt that these serpents can be tamed by uniform kind treatment and familiarity; at least, they will lose much of their ferocity and hatred of their old-time natural enemy, the sons of woman, and will even evince a degree of affection for their benefactors. They will resent, for a day or two, the robbery of their implements of attack: but under kind treatment they will seem to forgive it. The warmth of the hand is grateful to them; and, if permitted, they will coil upon your outstretched palms and wrists with evident satisfaction. To handle them successfully, care should be used never to pinch or annoy them; and if they seem to be unusually irritable from any cause, let them alone till they are in better humor. While handling, never suffer the approach of strangers (unless, indeed, your

serpents have been kept and handled a long time, previously,) and let no sudden, loud noise be made to startle them. They are extremely sensitive to all such externals, and particularly so if they are hungry. Although they will live months without any food, still, such treatment does not conduce to their amiability; and they show ill-humor in a manner not to be mistaken by the veriest tyro. One specimen lived eight months without food or water, and was apparently as lively as ever, though more irritable than its well-fed companions. But one morning I found it lying on its back, dead; this position being almost always assumed by ophidians while dying, if they are not interfered with. Rattles are unlike their bitter foe, the black snake (*coluber constrictor*), which is impatient of captivity and rendered more fractious by it; nor are they as voracious. Both seek the same prey—small animals, such as field-mice, moles, and the like, and frogs. In so doing they not unfrequently encounter, and a conflict ensues, fatal to one or the other. *Crotalus* generally has the advantage in size, and, of course, in weapons; but *Coluber* is much more active and courageous, and stronger in proportion to size. If the former—the rattler—is gorged with food, victory is apt to be with its antagonist; its light and agile foe winding about the throat and choking it. At such times it will decline the combat, and retreat, if possible, to safe quarters in some crevice or hole which it can defend; and in this it is sometimes assisted by its mate. Rattlesnakes pair together, and the two are seldom separated by any great distance. If one is killed and left on the spot, its mate will seek, and generally find, the body, and will remain by it for some time, but for what object I could never make out—whether or not to drag it out of sight (as is done by some of the lower orders of animals with their dead) is not determined so far as I know. For all this

exhibition of regard, they seem to have little, if any, love of their offspring. Like most other reptiles, rattlesnakes are oviparous. They never stray far from their habitat unless driven out by fire or flood. Their sense of hearing is not keen, and they are comparatively short-sighted. Their most acute sense is touch, and resides mostly in the tips of the tongue (which is forked or split), and this they keep constantly thrusting forth as if to feel their way as they go—a peculiarity common to most ophidians.

Rattlesnakes become more venomous in species as we approach the tropics. The most venomous of all (*c. horridus*), is only found on the Southern Continent, in America; and its bite is much more fatal than that of our Northern species. The same species, however, differ in the virulence of their crotaline at different seasons, being most deadly while changing their skins—from about the first of July to the tenth of September—at which time (as is remarked before) they are blind. Not being able to see in what direction to retreat, they will stand at bay; and Nature seems to furnish them a poison of extra potency during their exposed condition and impaired ability to flee. The wound of an old snake, too, is more dangerous than a young one's. If an old one has a fair stroke and gets in both fangs, especially if it has a chance to seize a hold with the lower maxillary, the wound is a very dangerous one; and the peril is enhanced by its proximity to vital parts or to any of the large veins, in which cases the results are generally fatal. Providentially, rattlers can rarely strike higher than a man's knee; and if the feet and legs are well protected by heavy leathern boots as high as the knees, and care is taken never to sit down or stoop over to pick up anything till the spot is carefully examined, there is but little danger in going into localities infested by them; for it must be a

monster of a snake which can drive its fangs through good stiff leather or reach higher than a man's knee. They lack the courage of the black snake and some other constrictors, and will flee from mankind if they can, though hunger renders them more apt to face a pursuer.

It is a highly popular belief, that the venom of the rattlesnake is as deadly to itself and its species when inoculated with it, as it is to others; and stories are told with great gusto of the snake biting itself fatally, in pure vexation at long-continued tormenting—thus committing a most aggravated kind of suicide. In any but the interest of science, it were a pity to spoil such an acceptable romance; but science admits of no coquetting with fiction: its truths are wonderful enough. There is no real foundation for the conceit. No *venomous* serpent is injured by the bite of another, nor by its own. It is stated upon indisputable authority that the *cobra* of India, for whose bite no antidote has yet been discovered, wounds other venomous congeners with no fatal results to the bitten. I have known rattlers to bite each other with impunity; but their venom is fatal to *non-venomous* kinds. It is true that after long-continued torment and after fruitlessly striking at its tormenter till it becomes so fatigued and blindly infuriated that it "strikes wild," a snake will now and then strike itself; and if it happens to hit the spinal cord—as sometimes occurs—or so near as to injure it, it becomes paralyzed and soon dies. But there is no sufficient evidence of any intention in the reptile to injure itself. Its bite is no more injurious to itself than any other wound of the same size in the same place. In this conclusion the best informed naturalists agree.

A few popular writers have very positively asserted that rattlesnakes have an *idiocracy* so radical and inveterate that they will go through fire rather than over the green leaves of

the ash-tree strewn in their pathway. I have never been able to verify the assertion with any species of ash attainable in the North; and these trees have been looked to in vain as affording any antidote to snake-bite, as they would naturally be expected to do were there any just ground for a statement so broad and inexplicable.

Of the peculiar action and effect of crotaline venom upon the animal system, minute details would not be of interest, perhaps, in this place and to a non-professional reader. Suffice it to say that crotaline is a narcotic poison when taken into the blood. It may be taken into the stomach with impunity; but, of course, the experimenter must be careful that there are no excoriations in the mouth or throat, or chaps on the lips, or carious teeth, etc. The venom is more or less active according to circumstances and the condition of the reptile, as explained above. After it has begun to be absorbed, the pain of the wound is agonizing. If on a limb, it swells rapidly and becomes of a livid, purplish hue; the body bloats and shows spots of discoloration. Finally, an overpowering lethargy or stupor supervenes, much resembling that of an overdose of opium, and like that too—indeed, like most *coma* artificially induced, such as by extreme cold and the like—it is inevitably fatal if indulged in.

Upon *post mortem* examination, the blood is found to be disorganized and the blood-vessels in many places broken away and "run together." The venoms of some Asiatic serpents coagulate the blood; it is found to be clotted in the arteries and larger vessels. But crotaline produces directly contrary results.

The symptoms resulting from a rattlesnake's bite very plainly indicate the proper treatment. Every effort should be directed to prevent the absorption of the crotaline and to neutralize the effect of the little which may be absorbed in spite of us. The

rude but successful treatment practiced on the plains of the West, where snake-bites are most often met with, may be cited as illustrative if not altogether exemplary. If the wound is on the extremities (as is most commonly the case) and whenever its locality permits, a *ligature* is made both above and below it, drawn as tightly as possible without laceration; using a cord, handkerchief, strap, or any other convenient fastening, tied around the limb and "twisted" with a stout stick to the required tension. The wound, if recent, is then sucked for awhile, to extract as much as possible of the crotaline. It is then thoroughly scarified, and dry gunpowder rubbed well into the cuts. Enough of the powder to cover the scarified surface is then spread over it and fired; the result being to leave quite a respectable hole, but neater and less ragged and bloody than one would expect. This process is not so painful as might be supposed. In this we have a revival of the *moxa*—a sort of cautery much in vogue among surgeons of a past age, although probably never heard of by our frontiersmen. In the mean time the patient is made to drink "heroic doses" of whiskey, or any other alcoholic stimulant, until he shows evident signs of intoxication, which is taken as a most favorable symptom, evidence that he is out of danger—that is to say, from the wound, whatever may be the consequence of the medication. The patient is never suffered to go to sleep, even for a moment (if it can be prevented), until all danger is past. Twenty-four hours after the bite is inflicted, the symptoms will frequently recur with more or less violence, if the crotaline is very virulent. If so, the treatment of the day before is repeated, omitting the cautery. If the patient survives the second paroxysm, he will not be liable to have a recurrence. Such cases are apt to be followed in a few days by ulcers, boils, and eruptions—

painful reminders of the legitimate heirship and inheritance of the flesh. A mule which had been snake-bitten and was rescued from death (for sake of experiment) soon lost most of its hair, broke out in sores wherever a scratch was inflicted, and became in all respects a weak and worthless object of commiseration; only worthy of the attention of poets, since great Coleridge "soared to eulogize an ass"! Although such treatment is, perhaps, unnecessarily harsh and "radical," still, under the circumstances it is merciful; and out of ten or twelve cases within my knowledge, only one proved fatal under it, and that one was not taken in hand till too late to hope for a rescue. No doubt less vigorous measures will, in a majority of cases, suffice. It is mooted whether the employment of so much alcohol as a cure is necessary or advisable. Many claim that it has such a peculiar action upon the blood as to ward off the action of crotaline. The alleged fact that it is found difficult to intoxicate a person affected by the poison, shows an immediate antagonism between the two, alcohol and crotaline, as is claimed—but not by any means conceded. This may, indeed, be true to a certain extent, as it is often difficult to derive any effect from alcoholic stimulants, when one is in great pain or is under the influence of some of the narcotics. But it is questionable whether the excitement of fright has not a good deal to do with the apparent im-

tency of the stimulant. It is found that sudden and very great fright will almost instantly make a drunken man sober; and why may not the same cause tend to keep him so? We know that a resolute exertion of the will enables a person to withstand the effect of stimulants more successfully than he otherwise could; and why may not the attention fixed so closely upon his danger—why may not his fear—have the same effect? Fear and anxiety superadded to pain, and the action of the venom too, to some extent, may sufficiently account for the difficulty of producing intoxication, without laying it to the fearful potency of the *venom alone*. If this position is correct, it follows that using alcohol in such quantities is reprehensible—or, to say the least of it, unnecessary. Moreover, equally favorable results have followed the use of spirits of ammonia injected into the cuts made by the scarifier and taken internally in alternation with alcoholic stimulants, stopping far short of intoxication. The surgeons in India recommend ammonia as an almost certain antidote for all snakebites, except that of the *cobra*, if used seasonably; at any rate, the best yet found.

But further discussion of the *therapeutic* branch of the subject may be thought out of place here. And this reminds me that as much has been said concerning our snake, perhaps—although the subject is by no means exhausted—as is allowable in the limits of one article.

E. M. SMALLEY.



## "PEACE AND GOOD-WILL."

**H**O, nations of the waking Earth!  
 Let your white banners be unfurled;  
 Forever the red flag of War  
 Be into outer darkness hurled!  
 Life, Liberty, and Law for all —  
 One Congress for one World!

Corpse-strewn, to-day the hills of France  
 Lie blackening in the wintry sun;  
 To-day there bleed a million hearts,  
 For the unhallowed will of one!  
 God of the orphan! when will all  
 Such butchery be done?

The iron rails that gird the land —  
 The electric wires that span the sea —  
 The press that scatters wingéd words,  
 Like leaves of Autumn, far and free, —  
 All tell us, in prophetic tones,  
 Of better things to be.

Come, nations from the East and West,  
 Of every color, caste, and clan, —  
 From mountains wrapt in polar snows  
 To isles that tropic breezes fan, —  
 Meet in one concourse to declare  
 The Brotherhood of Man; —

To sever every servile hand  
 That makes of man a suppliant slave, —  
 Creeds, forms, and all unrighteous laws  
 That shield the murderer and knave —  
 All kingly pomp and priestly power —  
 To bury in the grave!

So shall the warrior arm no more —  
 No war-horse tread the harvest-sod,  
 No more the sword by brother hand  
 Be crimsoned with fraternal blood;  
 No more the deathless soul be sent  
 Unbidden to its God!

"Peace and Good-Will!" — the noblest words  
 That ever came from pen or tongue!  
 Let all the winds take up the strain,  
 Till o'er the world its notes are rung,  
 And Angels walk the earth again,  
 The sons of men among!

W. G. BROWN.

## A CRUISE TO HAWAII.

THE channel was rough; a short chop sea, pandering to the will of a stiff "norther" which howled down between the highlands of Hawaii and Maui, tossed our vessel about, unmindful of the painful sensation of sea-sickness which it created on board, or the general discomfort of a rolling ship to persons unaccustomed to seafaring life. The shadows of night were already flitting around us, and we had either to make the anchorage in the harbor of Hilo ere darkness should shut out the passage from view, or remain outside to wallow in the angry sea-waves until morning. The captain, in order to escape such an alternative, urged his ship to the highest rate of speed that her powerful engines could attain in such a sea. On she sped, plowing the water with her sharp prow, and rocking from side to side so much that while she buried one of her wheels in the sea, the other revolved many feet clear of the water. Sheets of foamy spray dashed over the rails, and, while the vessel labored heavily, large volumes of blue water rolled in at her bows, sweeping the decks fore and aft. The bold coast rose to a height of fifty feet; while the angry surges dashed against its rocky face with tremendous force, rebounding in sheets of sparkling foam. The land rose gradually from the shore away to the snow-capped crests of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, 14,900 and 15,000 feet above us. Rain had descended all day in torrents. Streams of water poured down the gorges and ravines, through the exuberant tropical verdure which covers the country in rank profusion near the coast, and poured over the shore cliffs in graceful cascades, so many in number and so varied in aspect that the sight of a new water-

fall at every little distance gave new beauty and interest to the scene, as the ship steamed along within a stone-throw of the shore. Occasionally the steeple of some little whitewashed church standing lonely sentinel along the coast, suggested thoughts of the worldly sacrifices of the missionaries who entered this field of spiritual labor in the cause of Christianity, and bore evidence of their untiring perseverance and happy success. In the enjoyment of these varied natural beauties we became oblivious to the annoyance of a rough sea and wet decks, our anticipations of the pleasures in store for us increasing in zest as we neared the anchorage. We reached Hilo just before the last glimmer of daylight faded; and the short tropical twilight was immediately followed by darkness.

The town of Hilo stands on an eminence rising from Byron's Bay, and is proverbial for its pretty scenery. A few neat cottages, surrounded with tastefully laid out flower-gardens and three well-finished churches, appear amongst rows of grass huts built after the peculiar taste of the unfastidious occupants.

Patches of clear blue sky peered through the broken masses of white storm-clouds which hung listlessly overhead, indicating the approach of fair weather. The sultry air was cooled by the dripping verdure, and we inhaled its fresh and balmy breath with that delicious gratification felt by contrast with the buffeting of an angry sea, inspired to action by the high trade-wind which we had just passed through. All was silence in the little town; nothing but a few faint columns of smoke curling upward from among the trees indicated life, and the stillness was broken only by the deep roar of the breakers as they

rolled up on the sandy beach ; while plainly to be seen from where we were riding at anchor, twenty-nine miles away, was the glare of volcanic fires illuminating the sky. From the straggling habitations around the shoreline a few lights could be seen, glimmering and faint, as if struggling for existence in the humid atmosphere ; and as these were extinguished one by one, in the hope of cheating the mosquitos of at least one repast, we turned in for the night,—but, to our dismay, long before the god of sleep had announced his dreamy presence, myriads of these buzzing and blood-thirsty pests had swarmed off to give us welcome.

As the gray streaks of dawn appeared on the eastern horizon, and the unusual sound of *reveille* broke on the ears of the natives, great numbers of both sexes came from shore in their canoes, and swarmed around the ship like a black fog ; and it was easy to perceive, by their excited chattering and persistent appeals to the officer of the deck, that they desired to come aboard. When the necessary permission had been given, the decks were literally covered with dusky visitors, who regarded the armament and machinery of the vessel with unfeigned wonder. The women were covered with floral adornments ; their thick black hair, flowing loosely over their shoulders, was encircled by wreaths of jasmine whose fragrance was destroyed by the heavy odor of rancid cocoa-nut oil, which they use in their toilet with reckless profusion. They strutted about the ship with the air of queens, entering the different apartments between-decks in the most unceremonious freedom, and inspecting everything with the closest scrutiny. In their movements they display an easy, graceful motion, and an amount of self-esteem and pomposity that seems rather to become them than otherwise, when seen in connection with the obesity of their persons.

Our sable friends regarded the great guns with an evident air of mistrust,

and cautiously peeped into the dark recesses of their frowning muzzles. When target-practice was commenced, consternation drove many of them overboard, and they found safety in swimming to their canoes. Those who remained became assured of safety when they saw the gunners unharmed, but seemed quite willing to get away from the fiery monsters without unnecessary delay ; and their departure was marked with even more haste than their arrival.

The disagreeable features of a flat nose and thick lips, so prominent in the Hawaiian face, is modified in the even countenance of the half-breeds, who are quite numerous here, the result of the miscegenation which forms one of the features of social relations existing in the islands. There are many needy white men in the group, whose education and intelligence forbid the *degradation* of manual labor at home, attracted thither by the general *ennui* of tropical life, who manage, by no very difficult strategy, to obtain government positions by marrying, as a condition precedent, some native woman of rank. Many of them form these connections irrespective of position, and are apparently happy in their marital relations.

Having received the Lieutenant-Governor of the island with the ceremonies usually extended from vessels of war, we were free to commence preparations for an inland journey to the many points of interest for which Hawaii is famed. Hilo is the principal starting-place for the great crater of Kilauea. Here parties fit out for the journey of twenty-nine miles, and are provided with horses and guides by Captain (Sir Thomas) Spencer, who enjoys the royal favor of the king, by whom he was knighted in consideration of the Captain's humane efforts to alleviate the distress prevailing in the District of Kau during the dark days of April, 1868, when the country was devastated by fire and flood. To his hospitality we were in-

debted for the comforts of a home during our brief stay, and to his judgment in the choice of animals we owe our transportation to the volcano without accident.

Leaving Hilo we entered a thick forest which flanks the town, and followed a winding path which led through it. This is the most pleasant part of the journey. Here the whistling of the cockatoo and the chirping of a thousand finnets blend their sweet melody with the murmuring of a crystal rivulet, winding its way between thickly-wooded banks, upon which the rodent squirrel sits leisurely cracking hazel-nuts, and the snake coils itself to bask in the sun, where its heated rays slant through the openings in the trees. The open country beyond is covered, as far as the eye can reach, with a rank growth of ferns and weeds which shoot up between the crevices in the beds of lava which from time to time covered the soil in fiery floods, rendering what would otherwise be a fertile country a vast desolate waste. The trail is rough and beset with dangers to any but a sure-footed animal. Recent showers had moistened the ground and rendered the rocks very slippery. Most of the path lies along the smooth surface of the lava, called by the natives *pahoikoi*; part of it is strewn with rocks where they fell in showers during some past eruption. These greatly impede the progress of the traveller, and make the journey monotonous and fatiguing. Ladies find it more comfortable to ride in bloomers, astride, after the fashion of native women, and this is the mode of travelling adopted by them to a great extent. In four hours we reached the Half-way House, a grass hut presided over by a Kanaka who furnishes, for a small compensation, mats to rest upon and a table upon which his visitors may spread the good things they may have provided themselves with. The weary traveller may also enjoy the refreshing sen-

sation of *lumi lumi*, a native process of abstracting the pains and aches incident to a journey on horseback. One should experience this treatment in order to appreciate its benefits. It is decidedly recuperating. The patient is divested of his outward clothing, and lies on a mat. A woman kneels by him and commences to knead his body from head to foot, as she would a lump of dough, and discovering the sore spots by a cry of agony from her patient, she plies her open hands, then her knuckles, until the last vestige of soreness disappears. She presses her fingers softly into the flesh of the shoulders, back, and loins, and every joint is carefully manipulated, creating in the patient a delightful sensation of rest, from which he is loth to arouse himself to any exertion. *Lumi lumi* is resorted to by the natives in all cases of external pains, with singular success, and if it does not effect a radical cure, it certainly affords relief to the parts affected. Like all island huts, the Half-way House contains but one apartment, in which the family and its appendages — dogs, pigs, and fowls — are huddled together almost inextricably. A large mat in one end, supplied with pillows, constitutes the bed on which father and mother, brothers and sisters, enjoy their nocturnal slumbers in common, while the other occupants pass the night in such other quarters of the room as is most convenient, — always, and like well-trained domestics, avoiding the mat on pain of summary punishment. We drew around the table, somewhat the worse for wear, and spread our limited supply of bread, cheese, and sardines, which we washed down with a small allowance of brandy — a very necessary accompaniment to the kit of a traveller, especially where none but brackish rain-water, dipped up from dents in the rocks, can be procured. Our sable host supplied us with some musty crackers and boiled tea, sweetened with the juice of sugar-

cane, and then stood guard with a huge club to keep away the family quadrupeds which beseeched us with their silent but expressive appeals for a share of our repast. The women danced the *huli huli* to the music of three gourds, which were energetically pounded against the ground, producing anything but music. Two old crones, sitting on the floor, delivered themselves of a most melancholy whine, which was a strange accompaniment to the jocular hilarity of the foreign guests, who were disposing of the dinner before them with a gusto experienced only by hungry tourists. The scene was both entertaining and ludicrous. After continuing our journey for ten miles, we passed through a wood, after which we found ourselves enveloped in clouds of sulphuric steam that issued from deep crevices in the ground, made by volcanic convulsions so prevalent here; and in a few minutes we stood upon the brink of the terrible caldron called Kilauea. Wonder and curiosity chased away the feeling of awe which inspired us at first sight of the volcano, awful even in its tranquillity—terrible in every aspect. The crater is circular, embracing a circumference of twelve miles, with a diameter of three miles. Its depth reaches 1,000 feet, the walls being perpendicular all round, except at the north end, where the curious can descend by a precipitous path. The bed of the crater is a mass of hard lava, black as Erebus and undulating as the waves of the sea. At the farthest end is the ever-active South Lake, or sub-crater, within the area. Our guide told us that the volcano had been very quiet since the eruption of '68, when the entire bed of the crater, now a mass of crisped and hardened lava, was a vast sheet of liquid fire, while the flow was occurring at a point twenty miles distant. At that time the bed of the crater assumed a new appearance. Its centre for a radius of five miles fell 500 feet,

giving color to the theory that subterraneous communication exists between the two points.

A native grass structure, bearing the name of "Volcano House," stands on the bank of the pit; and here we put up for the night. Our jaded horses were cared for by the hostlers, while our colored host attended to our wants. Although we were at an elevation of 2,400 feet above the sea level, the ascent was scarcely perceptible. The air was sharp and cold, and a biting wind drove the party together around an ample fire which burned on a commodious hearth, where we enjoyed ourselves at cards or in the discussion of the scenes by which we were surrounded, watching the glowing embers of the fire which threw its congenial warmth around us, and anticipating the pleasure of inspecting the great volcanic crater on the morrow.

Our landlord informed us that the natives in past times imagined that Pele, the goddess representing fire in their mythology, inhabited Kilauea, whose displeasure was always marked by an eruption. On those occasions the frightened natives hastened to appease her anger by offerings of swine, which they threw into the devouring pit alive. It may appear strange at this period of civilization in the Sandwich Islands, but our informant assured us of the fact that on a late visit from the King, His Majesty dispatched a retainer across the crater to deposit in the lap of Pele, at her reception chambers in the South Lake, a lock of his wiry hair as a token of close friendship, possibly as an inducement to remain quiescent during his sojourn. It becomes easy to believe this statement when we remember that Kamehameha V., King by the Grace of God, is always attended by a sorceress, who is said to control his every act.

As we retired to bed, the fitful flames of Kilauea shot their fiery

tongues upward through the masses of thick smoke, as if to reach some invisible enemy hovering over it, illuminating our rooms with a dull glare of light. An occasional oscillation of the earth shook large quantities of loose rock from the sides of the crater, which fell with a dull rattle, serving to remind us of the powerful influence of earthquakes. A refreshing sleep stole away our fatigues and fears, and we rose, while the blue haze of morning yet lingered over the gulf, to enjoy a natural sulphur bath in a small house erected over a steam crevice adjoining the hotel, and to pursue our investigations.

Extensive banks of steaming sulphur, which forms a component element in volcanic productions, are near by. The acrid properties of the fumes emitted from the numerous fissures which intersperse those banks create a sense of suffocation which is experienced in the familiar instance of a burning match. The brimstone undergoes a process of fusion from the natural heat contained in it, and at the mouth of the crevices from which the steam ceases at times to issue, it becomes cool and forms into prisms, stalactites, and some of the other beautiful shapes that crystalline matter assumes.

After breakfast we were provided with a staff and a guide to make the journey to the South Lake. Descending the precipice by a tortuous path, for some distance lined with *sheto* bushes, we ranged along the verge of a steep declivity, from the top of which rustic stairs led us to its base, a distance of 500 feet. The frowning cliffs above present a sombre aspect, and almost deter a nervous traveller from a farther descent; but the guide assured us of safety, and we carefully picked our steps over a narrow bank bounded on either side by a bottomless chasm; involuntarily glancing into the fearful depths and shuddering at the thoughts of a misstep from the narrow pathway. With a feeling of

relief we passed this danger and continued the descent over slabs of lava projecting from the face of the precipice, until we reached an easier path which brought us to the bottom of the crater. The first step on this horrible bed fills you with awe, as you feel the black scoria crumble under foot like coal. You wish to retrace your steps, but curiosity impels you onward. The guide plods ahead over the desolate waste which looks like an inky ocean of storm-lashed billows suddenly congealed at the moment of its wildest fury. As we neared the South Lake a hard crackling sound and a tremulous motion under foot gave token of internal commotion. We are lost to each other in steam and gaseous exhalations, and have to stop until a breath of wind clears off the clouds. Our guide threads his way over yawning fissures, from one cliff to another, down steep inclines and up along abrupt declivities. We keep close to him as our only safety; deep chasms hold their fiery mouths agape for unwary pedestrians. We step or spring over them, through the blue clouds of smoke rising from the molten fires confined within. The perils of our way increase as we near the fiery lake, and fatigue still further delays our progress. A low rumbling noise like the murmuring of distant thunder reaches us from beneath, and pushing our way through the stifling atmosphere we stand upon a scorched and blackened precipice overhanging the molten lake surrounded by a rampart of jagged cliffs. The frightful sublimity of the scene deprives one of utterance. In silent wonder we gaze upon the horrible spectacle. No language can sufficiently describe its grandeur. No brush could paint the horrors of this molten lake of fire, a square mile in extent; no imagination is vivid enough to picture its terrible features. It is magnificently frightful. Fear chills the blood as one watches the seething mass of surging billows rise and dash against the frowning

cliffs which form the abutments of the lake. Jets of lava twist themselves into miniature spouts, and rising on the surface of the pool, burst into drops of crimson fire. Flame-crested waves roll over the surface in quick succession, and dash themselves high up on the banks, where the liquid cools rapidly and forms itself into all fantastic shapes. The lighter portions are carried by gusts of hot air to projections and into little caverns, from which it hangs in the most delicate funicles finer than the silken threads of a cocoon. The guide assured us that this was Pele's hair, considered the rarest *souvenir* of the goddess. Several cones rise from the lake and vomit liquid lava and red-hot stones from their fiery throats. The flames throw out an intense heat, impregnating the atmosphere with insufferable fumes of brimstone. The fears of a spectator are enhanced by the uncertainty of the lake remaining in the condition in which he sees it. He knows not the moment that it may overflow its banks and cover with a sheet of fire the black wilderness which he has just crossed to reach it. Many are the tales of foolhardy visitors to this Plutonic furnace, of hair-breadth escapes from death in their dangerous explorations in search of specimens of the products of this infernal pit. One of our party, whose curiosity was boundless, ventured to the mouth of a cone standing on the brink of the lake, and had scarcely enjoyed a glance at the fire-fiend, when suddenly it belched forth a flood of molten lava which flowed down the opposite side of the cone and round its base as our companion found safety in flight. He was more fortunate than our guide, who, on a previous visit, had ascended the same mound, and had scarcely reached the

top when a flow occurred, surrounding it by a circle of flame, and cutting off every avenue of escape. There he sat, terrified and almost suffocated by heat and poisonous gases, watching the burning fluid gradually creeping up the side of the cone, until it ceased to flow and the flames died out. In three hours—an age of agony to the prisoner—the lava cooled and became hard enough to bear his weight, when he escaped from his warm perch, having learned a lesson that must ever deter him from a repetition of the exploit.

Cool lava is as black and brittle as coal and almost as porous as a sponge. It abounds in zeolite—a mineral, or combination of minerals, of many beautiful colors that glitter with dazzling brilliancy in the small cavities of hardened surfaces when the sun shines upon them.

Night was falling, as we turned to retrace our steps. Black clouds shrouded the mouth of the crater in darkness, and the rain, which had been falling in large drops, now commenced to pour in sheets of water. A flash of lightning lit up for an instant the dark abyss which we were traversing, and opened the way through the pluvial air for a mighty crash of thunder which seemed to rend the heavens. Large boulders were shaken from the sides of the amphitheatre, and, gathering speed as they rolled, struck the bed with stunning effect. It was truly a fitting addition to the general features of this Tartarus. Pele and her consort Pluto were up in arms against Jupiter. The lightning-charged clouds drew close together, and exchanging their electric currents, pealed forth an imposing roar of atmospheric artillery until long after we had reached the welcome fireside of the hostelry.

J. T. MEAGHER.



## THE MAN WHO BELIEVED A DOCTOR.

IT was ten o'clock, A. M., and Mrs. Scrimp was dying. Scrimp sat in the next room, wondering what he should do when he was a widower. The doctor came out of the sick room into the one where Scrimp was sitting. "How is she?" asked the latter. "She's dying," answered the doctor. "Can't you do anything for her?" asked Scrimp. "Nothing; nobody can," said the doctor. How soon will it be?" asked Scrimp. "She'll be dead by noon," replied the doctor. Scrimp took out his watch. It was two minutes past ten. "In one hour and fifty-eight minutes," said he, "I shall be a widower. I remember looking at my watch just one hour and fifty-eight minutes before she became Mrs. Scrimp. No," he added, "it was two hours and one minute, for she was three minutes late." "She may be again," said the doctor; "but I think not."

Scrimp got up and looked out of the window. "Perhaps I'd better be getting things ready," said he. "Very likely," said the doctor. Scrimp went and looked at his wife. She seemed already dead. His horse and buggy stood at the gate; he got in and drove off to the village, which was about five miles away. He drove up to an undertaker's; got out, tied his horse, and went in. "Can I do anything for you?" asked the undertaker blandly. "No," said Scrimp, "but perhaps you can for my wife." Now, Scrimp did not enter the store with a very bereaved air, and the undertaker made up his mind that the deceased could not be any nearer than cousin, if, indeed, any relation at all. He therefore lengthened his face only a third; but when he heard the word "wife" he instantly doubled it. Undertakers, you see, regulate the length of their faces as dealers in

mourning goods do the width of hatbands—by the nearness of relationship.

"Very melancholy affliction," remarked the undertaker. "Yes," said Scrimp, "she was an excellent house-keeper." He took hold of one of the coffins. "Pretty good article," said he. "Yes," said the dealer, "we sell a great many of that style of goods." Scrimp wanted to know the price of it. It was too much. "You know," said he, "it will be used only once." He wasn't suited with anything in the store, and at last it was decided that the undertaker should make a coffin to order. It was to be of pine, stained in imitation of mahogany. "It would do just as well," said Scrimp, "if it was painted black; but I suppose folks wouldn't like it." It was to be lined with cambric—satin was too expensive. "How tall was she?" asked the undertaker. "Five feet five," said Scrimp dubiously. "Was she a large woman?" asked the undertaker. "Well," said Scrimp, "I suppose you don't charge any more for an inch or two extra width?" "Oh, no!" said the undertaker. "Because," said Scrimp, "I'd a little rather not squeeze the body any." Being assured by the undertaker that it would make no difference in the bill, he ventured to confess that, in spite of her sickness, his wife was rather large. This matter was finally all settled, and Scrimp left the store.

He had not gone far before he met Mr. Boggs. "Boggs," said he, "I've concluded to let you have that load of hay at the figures you named." "Well," said Boggs, "I'll take it. When can you bring it?" "Let me see," said Scrimp; "to-day is Tuesday; to-morrow the horses will be busy; Thursday morning—no! I can't do it then, for that's

the time of my wife's funeral. Well, I'll bring it over Thursday afternoon." "All right," said Boggs.

On his way home, Scrimp met the sexton. "By the way," said he, looking at his watch, "I've a little job for you; my wife's dead, and I wish you'd toll the bell! I suppose you do n't charge much?" "Half a dollar," replied the sexton. "I think it's pretty high," said Scrimp. "It's the regular price," replied the sexton; "how old was she?" "I suppose," said Scrimp, "it's all the same to you how many times you toll the bell?" The sexton assured him that if she were a hundred he should charge no more, and if she were twenty he should charge no less. "She was forty-six," said Scrimp, as he drove off.

Mr. Scrimp's way home went by Mrs. Boneset's house. Now Mrs. Boneset was a widow. Scrimp thought he would go in and tell her of his recent affliction. So he stopped in front of the house, tied his horse, and went in. If his face lacked the proper expression when he entered the undertaker's, he had remedied the deficiency since, for now it indicated the deepest sorrow. "Is your wife dead?" asked the widow. Scrimp looked at his watch. "She has been dead twenty-five minutes," he said. "It's a dreadful affliction!" sighed the widow. "I don't know what I shall do without her," said Scrimp. "I suppose you'll have to get some one to keep house for you," remarked the widow. "I suppose so," said the widower; "but a girl can't take care of the house and the dairy and everything, and it costs like sin to get a woman who can do it." "There are those," said Mrs. Boneset "who would accept something else instead of money." "Take their wages out of the dairy?" asked Scrimp. "Yes," said Mrs. Boneset, "from your dairy, where there is so much of the milk of human kindness." Scrimp looked puzzled. "I mean," continued the widow, "that there are

women who would think themselves paid for all that they could do for you by your kindness and aff—society." "Perhaps so," said the visitor; "I've always provided well for my family. The late Mrs. Scrimp, and the one before her, and my first wife, will all admit that." "I've no doubt," said the widow, "that the next Mrs. Scrimp, if there should be one, will testify to the same thing." "Do you think," asked Scrimp, "that it would be cheaper for me to marry than to get a housekeeper?" "I think," said Mrs. Boneset, "that no woman who had the honor and delight of being Mrs. Scrimp, could fail to show her gratitude by saving enough every year to keep her."

At the beginning of this conversation, Mrs. Boneset and her guest were four or five feet apart; but at the point at which we have now arrived, Scrimp was surprised to find the distance between them only fourteen or fifteen inches. He looked at the stove and then at the window, to see if he had moved out of the line in which he first sat down. The change, if any, was imperceptible. If Scrimp had been a mathematician, he would have known that bodies attract each other in proportion to their masses. Now, as the mass of Scrimp was much greater than the mass of Mrs. Boneset, it follows that the former must have attracted the latter, and not the latter the former—which accorded with the appearance of things. There is nothing like mathematics, even in courting.

"I wish," said Scrimp, "I could find a good woman who would come and take care of my house." "Any woman," replied the widow, "would jump at the chance; and," she added, casting down her eyes, "you might find some one worthy of your kindness without going a great ways." "In this town?" asked Scrimp. "I think so," said the widow, in a low tone. "In this end of the town?" asked Scrimp, moving up his chair.

(I suppose his chair was made to move by the heaving of the widow's bosom, which undoubtedly increased her mass so that she began to attract instead of being attracted.) "In this end of the town?" "Perhaps," said the widow, in a lower tone. "In this house?" asked Scrimp. The chairs were now so close that you could n't have got a knife-blade between them. "Oh! Mr.—" whispered the widow. Whether Mr. Scrimp living or Mr. Boneset dead was appealed to, posterity will never know; for here Scrimp's whiskers interfered with the widow's articulation. In his last question Scrimp might just as well have substituted "these arms" for "this house"; it would have been a little more definite, you see.

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The divinities who preside over love, philosophy, and the fine arts, are too delicate creatures to endure any allusion to terrestrial affairs. Do you suppose Euterpe would waste her subtle inspiration on a mind calculating how many pages the effusion would cover and how much the editor would pay for it? Will Cupid touch the heart when the head is discussing the question whether matrimony is advisable with sugar at nineteen cents a pound and beefsteak at twenty-eight? What must have been the emotions of Jean Paul when, after reading to his wife some of his most beautiful thoughts, she merely said: "Do n't put on your left stocking to-morrow, dear: I must mend that hole in it"? And how long do you suppose it took Cupid to leave Scrimp's heart, for the time at least, when the clock struck two and filled his head with matter-of-fact thoughts with which the blind boy had as much fellowship as has fire with water? If Scrimp confounded that clock, do you blame him? If so, just put yourself in his place, and then see if you do. And here I want to say to young ladies who are at all anxious to make a lover out of a beau—do n't have a clock in the room

where you receive him, nor a striking clock anywhere in the house. Cupid likes late hours, but he do n't like to be told what time o' night it is.

"Is that clock right?" asked Scrimp. "I think it's fast," said the widow. Scrimp ought to have taken her word, but the spell was broken. Those two blows of the clock-hammer did it. He disengaged his arm, and looked at his watch. The clock was right. "Mrs. Boneset," began Scrimp. "Mrs. Boneset!" exclaimed the widow, indignantly. "My dear Cerinthy," said the rebuked lover, releasing his other arm from the agreeable duty it had been doing, "I must go. It is past two, and I guess the body is laid out by this time, and the folks will be wondering why I'm not at home." Under the circumstances the widow could hardly detain him; and after they had bidden each other an affectionate good-bye, Scrimp turned slowly from the living towards the dead.

When he reached home he found a number of women who had come to prepare the remains for burial; but they had done nothing. The fact was, Mrs. Scrimp still lived. She did n't die at all that day. On the next day she was a little better. Her husband was in an ecstasy of delight. He forgot that he had made any preparations for her burial, or for filling the vacancy her death would make in the family circle. He nursed her continually, when he was in the house. He made but little objection to her being provided with all the delicacies which it is customary to give the sick. He treated the doctor with politeness, even if the latter did call a little oftener than Scrimp thought was actually necessary; and he seemed to have forgotten that the doctor had set the hour of Mrs. Scrimp's death, and then, by a wilful neglect of means which were within his power, had failed to accomplish his prediction. Scrimp was so delighted at his wife's convalescence that he seemed to for-

get all these things, and he was good-natured to everybody.

Days became weeks, and weeks became a month and more, before Mrs. Scrimp had sufficiently recovered to allow her husband to tear himself away from her and go to town on business. The first man Scrimp met in the village was Boggs, to whom he had bargained to sell a load of hay. "Scrimp," said Boggs, "where's that load of hay you were to bring me?" "I vow," said Scrimp, "I'd forgotten all about it. You see, my wife was n't buried when I expected she would be; fact is, she's been getting better slowly, and I've been so busy taking care of her that I forgot about that hay." "Well," said Boggs, "under the circumstances I suppose I must excuse you. But I nearly starved my horse waiting for your hay, and at last got some of another man. Hope your wife's doing well?" "Yes," said Scrimp, "she's first-rate now." They shook hands and separated.

Scrimp had n't gone far before he heard his name called. He turned around and saw a man in an undertaker's store beckoning to him. All unsuspecting, he stepped into the store, and, to his great surprise, had a bill for a coffin presented to him. "What's this?" asked he. "The bill for that coffin," said the undertaker. "What coffin?" asked Scrimp. "Why, that coffin you ordered a month or six weeks ago," said the undertaker. "Did I mention who it was for?" asked Scrimp. "You said it was for your wife," said the undertaker. "Oh, yes," said Scrimp, "I remember it now. My wife was very sick, and expected to die; but she came out of it at last. She's pretty well now." "Very fortunate," said the undertaker, "but I hope you'll find it convenient to settle the bill." "Bill?—what bill?" asked Scrimp. "Why, the bill for the coffin," said the undertaker. "But she did n't use the coffin," objected Scrimp. "It do n't make any differ-

ence—you ordered it," answered the undertaker. "I won't pay for what I did n't take," said the customer. "You must pay for what you ordered," said the dealer. "By George! I won't," said the customer. "By the Great Mogul! you shall," said the undertaker. "Confound me if I do!" said Scrimp. "Hang me if you do n't!" said the undertaker. "I'll be kersmashed if I do!" said the former. "I'll be jewalopped if you do n't!" said the latter.

At this point the door opened and in walked old Mr. Brodfront, who was a justice of the peace. Scrimp and the undertaker immediately subsided. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Brodfront, who saw by their faces, if he had not already heard by their voices, that there had been a quarrel. Each told his story to the 'Squire, and then both agreed to abide by his judgment in the case. "I'm not going to pay for the coffin, because I did n't take it," said Scrimp; "and he can sell it to some one else, just as well as any other coffin." "No, I can't," replied the undertaker. "Why not?" asked the justice. "Because it is n't a salable piece of goods," said the undertaker: "I can sell good, nice coffins, and cheap coffins; but nobody'll buy such a coffin as this. It's too expensive for those who have n't any money, and it is n't half good enough for those who have money or who care for their friends." 'Squire Brodfront said that in consideration of this view of the matter, he should decide in favor of the undertaker and against Mr. Scrimp. This latter individual had the greatest respect for justices of the peace and an infinite fear of a lawsuit; so, instead of bringing his case before a regular court, he took out his pocket-book, settled with the undertaker, and took the receipt.

"Let's see the thing," said Scrimp. The thing was shown to him. "What the Moses can I do with it?" he exclaimed. "I do n't know," said the

justice. "Use it for an oat-box," remarked the undertaker. "If you do," said the 'Squire, "you'll have to feed your horses yourself; your boy won't do it, with that thing in the barn." "I guess I can do something with it," said Scrimp, looking at it curiously. "I'll come around after dark and get it."

In the evening Scrimp came for his coffin, and drove home with it. When he got to his barn he put the coffin in a corner and laid some hay over it, as he did n't want the boy to see it till he had determined what to do with it.

The next morning, just as he was starting for the barn, he met the boy running towards the house, with a face of an ashy hue, crying out that there was a dead man in the barn. Scrimp called him a coward, or a fool, or some other endearing name, and told him to go back with him; but the boy was not to be persuaded or driven, and Scrimp had to feed his horses himself. After he had done this, he put some oats in the coffin. When he came back he found his wife at the table waiting for him. "What about the dead man, that Sam says is in the barn?" asked Mrs. Scrimp. "Oh, nothing," replied her husband; "when I was in the village last night I happened to be saying that I needed an oat-box, and the undertaker, who was close by, said he had an unsalable coffin that would do first-rate, and as he offered it to me cheap, I took it." "I do n't think it was very cheap," said his wife, producing the bill which she had found on the bureau; "I think it was pretty high for an oat-box." And so it was, and Scrimp knew it. He had nothing to say. "How does it happen," asked his wife, "that the bill is made out with black ink and signed with blue?" Scrimp gave it up. "Oh," said the lady, "it was dated last month; I suppose he has used up all his black ink since then." Scrimp wanted that bill very much just then, but he

could n't get it. "Why in the world should he date his bills so long ahead?" wondered the wife. Scrimp was exceedingly anxious to get possession of the bill, but with the same ill success as before. "My goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Scrimp. "I see it now! You ordered it when I was sick, and you hoped I'd die—you did!" Scrimp mildly disclaimed any such hope. "You did! you did! you did!" screamed his wife; "you hoped I'd die, and you were so dreadfully anxious about it that you got my coffin beforehand. 'An unsalable coffin,' you said! So you were going to bury your poor wife in a stained pine coffin, with cambric linings! It says so in the bill." "But," protested Scrimp, "you were most dead, and the doctor said that you'd certainly die." "I dare say you believed him readily enough," was the reply; "you mean, brutal man—getting my coffin before I was dead! and a stained coffin too! If I had n't died I suppose you would have put me in a coffin while I was asleep, and buried me alive—you mean, wretched scoundrel, you brute, you murderer! Do n't you wish you had buried me alive in a pine coffin?" The fact that she was not dead and had not been buried alive was defence enough for poor Scrimp in respect to the charge of burying her alive; but either fear or remorse had so taken possession of him that he made no attempt to clear himself. Mrs. Scrimp was now so completely exhausted by her wrath, that, much against her will, she was compelled to be silent.

Sam had n't kept his discovery of a corpse in the barn a secret, and as a result of his communications on this subject there appeared at Scrimp's door, a little before noon, three or four able-bodied men, while several others were seen in the fields on each side of and behind the house. Scrimp answered the knock at the door, and invited the men in. "I am the coroner," said one of them, "and I have

come with a jury to hold an inquest over a body, which, I am told, was found in your barn this morning." "There's no such thing in the barn, and there has n't been," said Scrimp, crustily. The constable, who was with the party, advised Scrimp to say nothing "with intent to deceive," as it would do him more harm than good. "There's a confounded old coffin in the barn," said Scrimp, "and you're welcome to hold an inquest, or an outquest, or a conquest, or any other quest you please, over the infernal old thing!" Scrimp was out of sorts. All the men immediately repaired to the barn, the coffin was found, the jurymen were called in from their positions in the fields, and the coroner put on his judicial expression, preparatory to performing his duty.

The coffin lay in a dark part of the barn, and some of the men were about to carry it into a lighter place, when the coroner forbade them, on the ground that the law required the inquest to be held over the body as it was found. The coroner swore each jurymen, and turned to open the coffin, when he found the constable kneeling on it, unscrewing it at the foot. "Hold on!" cried the coroner; "what are you doing?" "Taking off the cover," replied the constable. "You must n't do that," said the coroner. "How are you going to get at the corpse?" asked the constable. "It's my business to open the coffin," said the coroner. "I guess I can open it as well as you can," said the constable. "Get off o' that coffin!" ordered the coroner. "I won't," replied the constable. "If you do n't get off I'll have you arrested for contempt!" said the coroner. "I guess I'm as much of a magistrate as you are," retorted the constable. "If you don't get off," said the coroner, "I'll take you off." "You just touch me once, and I'll arrest you!" replied the constable. The coroner stepped up to the constable, and in a twinkling

seized him by the collar and jerked him off the coffin. The constable jumped up and returned the compliment by putting his fist in the coroner's face with so much force as to knock him very flat on the floor. The coroner was up in a moment, and the two embraced. They punched and pounded and kicked each other at close quarters, till both were glad to let go and take a square stand-up fight. After eyeing each other for half a minute, the constable struck out boldly at the coroner's face. The coroner, dropping, escaped unhurt; while the constable was thrown head foremost over him by the violence of his own blow. Just as the constable fell over, the coroner jumped up, his head passing between the constable's legs. It was the work of an instant for the former to throw up his hands and catch the latter's feet as they were going over his shoulders. There they were—the constabulary hands on the barn floor, and the constabulary feet on the coroner's shoulders! The constable surrendered unconditionally. Anyone would have done the same thing in his place.

The coroner, having vanquished his antagonist and established his right to open the coffin, put back all the screws which the constable, without due warrant or process of law, had taken out; and then, calling the jurors around him, very solemnly took off the coffin-lid at the head, which had been unscrewed all the time, exposing to the view of all—a quantity of oats! The coroner turned red, and the jurors snickered. "Mr. Scrimp," asked the coroner, with great severity in his tone, "what have you done with the body?" "There never was a body in it," said Scrimp. "How did the coffin come here?" asked the coroner. "I put it here," said Scrimp. "State how this coffin came in your possession," demanded the coroner. Scrimp told his story. The jurymen winked at each other and smiled. "This matter," said the coroner, "shall be investi-



gated;" and he retreated with his jury at his heels and the constable bringing up the rear.

As soon as all were gone, Scrimp put his oats back in the bin and made kindling-wood of that coffin. His wife did n't hesitate at all about building fires with those kindlings. In fact, she seemed to enjoy burning them so much that I really believe she was sorry when they were used up. Perhaps it was this use to which the coffin was put that brought about a reconciliation between the husband and wife; perhaps it was something else: I'm not a married man, and I can't say what means are used by husbands to make their wives forgive and forget to the extent some of them do—Mrs. Scrimp, for instance. The fact of the matter is, Mrs. S. seemed for some time to have entirely forgiven her husband for his premature preparations for her burial.

A week or ten days after this, Mrs. Scrimp was out of butter. "My dear," said she, "won't you go over to Mrs. Boneset's and get some butter? We're all out, and I do n't want to churn till day after-to-morrow." Scrimp had n't thought of Mrs. Boneset since the day when his wife was to have died; and now that she was brought to his mind, he found that he had no desire to see her. Could n't Sam go? No; he had already been sent off on another errand, and he would n't be back till night. Could n't Mrs. Scrimp herself go?—Scrimp would harness the horse; it would be a pleasant drive for her; and he was *so* busy. No: she had pies to make, and could n't think of going.

Scrimp started off for the butter with a very sheepish countenance. He went up to the back door and knocked. Mrs. Boneset opened the door. The moment she saw Scrimp, her face assumed an expression which perhaps you can imagine: I can't describe it. Scrimp's knees shook, and his tongue had a strong tendency to cling to the roof of his mouth; but

at last he succeeded in making known his errand. "Making it known" did I say? I do n't mean that, for that implies that the widow understood it—which I don't think she did. Scrimp had to repeat it all. When he had finished, the widow began, with a fine sarcasm in her voice: "You want some butter, do you, Mr. Scrimp? I should think your tongue was oily enough without being greased with my butter! Is n't your wife well enough yet to churn?" Sarcasm is a very fine rapier for fancy fighting: when you fight for honor, or glory, or display, it may do very well; but when you fight to crush, to demolish, and to annihilate, you want a broadsword, or a battle-axe, or a battering-ram, or a boot-jack, or a lemon-squeezer,—something forcible, although inelegant. Mrs. Boneset found sarcasm inadequate. She did n't wish to stab Scrimp in some inconspicuous place, and leave him a beautiful corpse. She wanted to break his bones and make him black and blue. The widow stopped a moment after using the rapier, and, metaphorically speaking, seizing the boot-jack, she applied it in something like the following style:

"You come here for butter, do you? It is n't two months since you came here on a very different sort of an errand. You're a pretty man to come around here for butter! You're a brute and a rascal!—to treat your poor suffering wife in the way you have, and to come around me, trying to impose on a poor lone widow! You ought to be hung; and if I was a justice of the peace, how quick I'd do it for you! You want some butter, do you? I do n't believe a word of it, you wicked man! You've come here to impose on a poor lone widow, but you can't do it this time. You wretch! I tell you you'd better leave! L-e-a-v-e! will you!"

Scrimp left. "My wife would make it hot for me at the other end of my road," said he to himself, as he went



home, "if she only knew about this affair with the widow! This is worse than the coffin."

Unfortunately for Scrimp, Mrs. Boneset had a girl living with her, and said girl, as was perfectly natural, had peeked through the key-hole on that memorable afternoon when Scrimp's wife did n't die, and had seen Mrs. Boneset in Scrimp's arms. This incident she had dressed up a little, and told to Jennie Tell as a secret not to be parted with on any terms, because if Mrs. Boneset heard of it she would make it warm for her girl. Now the girl did not tell this story maliciously, from any desire to injure her mistress, but simply because it was so nice and interested her so much. She kept thinking how nice it would have been if she had been Mrs. Boneset and John Mower had been Mr. Scrimp! When she told the story to Jennie, though she used the names of her mistress and her mistress's guest, yet I dare say she was thinking only of Mrs. Boneset's girl and her neighbor's son. But Jennie Tell parted with her valuable secret to her mother, for a very small consideration, viz. nothing—and even without being asked. Mrs. Tell told the story to her next neighbor (I've forgotten her name), and she told one or two others, and so on till all the neighborhood had been informed, confidentially, of the affair.

While Scrimp was gone for the butter, Mrs. Candal stepped into Mrs. Scrimp's house to get some yeast. The conversation passed from yeast to bread, and from bread to butter; and, *à propos* of butter, Mrs. Scrimp happened to say that they were out of that article, and her husband had just gone to see if Widow Boneset would let them have a little. Mrs. Candal smiled significantly, and presumed that Mrs. Boneset would let Mr. Scrimp have all he wanted of the best butter she had. Mrs. Scrimp wanted to know the reason of that peculiar smile. Mrs. Candal said it was nothing. Mrs.

Scrimp insisted on having her question answered. Mrs. Candal did n't know anything about it—but folks said that the widow had set her cap for Mr. Scrimp when Mrs. S. was sick. "She did—did she?" cried the jealous wife. "The impudent wretch! I should think she'd be ashamed to stay in town!—Setting her cap for my husband before I was dead!" Then she thought of the coffin. "And Mr. Scrimp—he was willing enough, I dare say," she added. Mrs. Candal had not intended to tell the story to Mrs. Scrimp, but the latter's tone was so inviting, and the occasion was in all respects so good, and she did want to do it so dreadfully, that her good resolution was broken, and she told all she knew about the affair, and also all she had heard about it, which was a good deal more.

Scrimp had hardly got into the house before his wife flew at him. "Ha! ha!" she cried, "I've found out about it! You not only got my coffin while I was alive, but you made arrangements for another Mrs. Scrimp! You mean, dirty, cruel thing, you! how dare you show your ugly face around here? When your poor wife was on her dying bed, instead of taking care of her, you went off and got a pine coffin to put her in, and then went to widow Boneset's and took her in your lap and made love to her! I'll never die till after the widow does, mind you that, if it's only to spite you. Oh! oh! you brute! you'll break my heart, you will! I wish I was dead and you married to widow Boneset. A pretty life she'd lead you! I don't want anything better than just to die and go straight to heaven and be an angel and look down here and see the widow treating you the way she used to treat poor, good old Mr. Boneset! You know she killed him at last."

Completely tired out, Mrs. Scrimp sank into a chair, bursting into tears; and Scrimp slunk off to the barn, vowing that he would never believe a doctor again.

FRED. P. POWERS.

## TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

[EASTER ANTHEM.]

A LONG the floors of heaven the music rolls —  
 Rare consecrate delights;  
 Fills the vast dome, and lifts our fainting souls  
 To higher heights:  
 Praise God! Oh, praise Him, all created things!  
 Praise Him—the Lord of Lords, the Knight of Knights,  
 The King of Kings!

Slow pulses coursing darkly underground  
 Thrill to that canticle;  
 Leap up in leaf and blossom at the sound,  
 To rapture full;  
 Shake out glad pennons in remotest ways,  
 And with a thousand voices musical  
 Do utter praise.

A faint green foliage clothes the craggy steeps  
 Afar from crest to crest;  
 Along the southern slopes the verdure creeps —  
 A grassy vest,  
 Where in the sunshine lie reposing herds,  
 Whose gladness has no need to be expressed  
 In spoken words.

In the deep woods there is a voice which saith,  
 Could we but understand —  
 "The Lord is risen; — there shall be no more death  
 In all the land!"  
 Listen, O man! and thy dull ear shall hear  
 The Easter anthem of Love's promised, grand,  
 Awakened year.

Past isles of emerald moss the brooklet flows,  
 Hymning an anthem old,  
 Melodious, and rejoicing as it goes  
 Through wood and wold;  
 Past drooping ferns, and through the mazy whirr  
 Of nameless insect hosts, with wings of gold  
 And gossamer.

Praise God! they whisper softly each to each:  
 On every sea and shore,  
 Waves have a voice, and trees and stones a speech;  
 Sounds o'er and o'er,  
 Day unto day, the chant of birds and breeze;  
 But Man alone is dumb forevermore —  
 Nor hears, nor sees.

KATE SEYMOUR McLEAN.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

POEMS. By Bret Harte. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

It is frequently the case that reviews serve to show more of the critic than of the work reviewed; and this is so well understood that discriminative readers recognize the necessity, as preliminary to a just judgment, of eliminating the critic from his criticism. And it not infrequently happens that when this is accomplished there is so little left that it fails to give any broad apprehension of the drift, bearing, or scope of the work under consideration, or of the depth of insight and real power of the author, or of his true position in the world of letters. Very much of our criticism is open to the charge of unwarranted assumption, not to say of the grossest materialism. It claims to know all things, and to weigh all things—as a grocer would weigh out a pound of sugar—even the subtle, ethereal fires that burn along the poet's inspired lines. And if we turn from the cold sneer of the self-constituted conservator of literary proprieties, who is ever alert to discover some ground for detraction or invidious contrast, it is to meet the fulsome praise that is more offensive than silence and neglect to the sensitive soul whose aspiration is for a just and appreciative recognition.

It may not be pertinent to the occasion to inquire whether or not Mr. Harte is a great poet; nor can any solution of the problem be reached by comparison. "One star differeth from another star in glory;" and greater for this difference, is the constellated beauty of all. Nor shall we attempt to point out his proper place in the songful galaxy; but will only aspire to show what appear to be the most distinctive characteristics of his poetic endowments, and to illustrate them by such quotations as seem most appropriate.

If for a man to do what he lays out to

do, well,—not only well, but admirably,—not only admirably, but inimitably,—is a mark of genius, then Mr. Harte has genius; not a creative genius in the highest sense—to conceive and work out in rhythmical measures some great masterpiece of metaphysical and abstract thought,—nor yet, perhaps, one that is equal to the elaboration of a prolonged epic: but in the truest sense an *artistic* genius. Whatever he touches he beautifies. The commonest facts of every-day experience, under his hand robe themselves in ideal attributes and take on a moral significance. It is apparent that we do not rightly appraise the power of a little poem in shaping the policy, in quickening the moral purposes, and in moulding the destinies of a people. Who can compute, for instance, the influence that "Plain Language from Truthful James" has exerted in settling the vexed question of the "Heathen Chinese"? The knotty problems that will not yield to any amount of the usual argumentation, are often solved at once by the unanswerable logic of an epigram. This poem of Mr. Harte's has been so widely copied that to reproduce it here would seem out of place, though it will bear many readings. And if anyone is still in doubt as to just in what way "we are ruined by Chinese cheap labor," let him consult that poem for enlightenment.

Although Mr. Harte's enviable reputation rests mainly in his Dialect poems, yet this small volume contains many lyrical pieces which, although not so generally known, are nevertheless as admirable in their way, and show the same artistic hand in their production, as those that have made him famous. And it is worthy of remark that while he has gained his great popularity within a few months, he wrote very note-worthy things ten years ago, many of which are not inferior in

merit to his later efforts; and some that were inspired by the war, rank with his best productions. Among these are "The Reveille" and "Our Privilege," the latter of which we reproduce:

#### OUR PRIVILEGE.

Not ours, where battle smoke upcurls,  
And battle dews lie wet,  
To meet the charge that treason hurls  
By sword and bayonet.

Not ours to guide the fatal scythe  
The fleshless reaper wields:  
The harvest moon looks calmly down  
Upon our peaceful fields.

The long grass dimples on the hill,  
The pines sing by the sea,  
And Plenty, from her golden horn,  
Is pouring far and free.

O brothers by the farther sea,  
Think still our faith is warm:  
The same bright flag above us waves  
That swathed our baby form.

The same red blood that dyes your fields  
Here throbs in patriot pride;  
The blood that flowed when Lander fell,  
And Baker's crimson tide.

And thus apart our hearts keep time  
With every pulse ye feel,  
And Mercy's ringing gold shall chime  
With Valor's clashing steel.

We would be glad to present samples of Mr. Harte's humor—which is altogether unique in its way, and is a marked feature in his most popular efforts, especially in his Dialect poems, like "Dow's Flat," "Jim," and "Penelope;" but as combining this delicate quality in an eminent degree, together with another noted trait of his genius—a fine, tender sentiment—we prefer to give "Cicely" instead:

#### "CICELY."

##### *Alkali Station.*

Cicely says you're a poet; maybe; I ain't much on rhyme:

I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.

Poetry!—that's the way some chaps puts up an idee,

But I takes mine "straight without sugar," and that's what's the matter with me.

Poetry!—just look round you,—alkali, rock, and sage;

Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!

Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night,  
And the shadow of this 'yer station the on'y thing moves in sight.

Poetry!—Well now—Polly! Polly, run to your mam;

Run right away, my pooty! By by! Ain't she a lamb?

Poetry!—that reminds me o' suthin' right in that suit:

Jest shet that door thar, will yer?—for Cicely's ears is cute.

Ye noticed Polly—the baby? A month afore she was born,

Cicely—my old woman—was moody-like and forlorn;

Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees:

Family man yourself, Sir? Well, you know what a woman be's.

Narvous she was, and restless,—said that she "could n't stay."

Stay,—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.

But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be on hand,

And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that bit o' land.

One night—the tenth of October—I woke with a chill and fright,

For the door it was standing open, and Cicely war n't in sight,

But a note was pinned on the blanket, which it said that she "could n't stay,"

But had gone to visit her neighbor,—seventeen miles away.

When and how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see,

For out in the road, next minit, I started as wild as she;

Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the scent,

For there war n't no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot,—

Lost on the Plains in '50, drownded almost, and shot:

But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife,

Was r'ally as on-satis-factory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my breath,

And "Cicely!" came from the canyon,—and all was as still as death.

And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,

And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them peaks of snow.

I ain't what you call religious,—but I jest looked up to the sky,

And—this 'yer's to what I'm coming, and maybe ye think I lie:

But up away to the east'ard, yaller and big and  
far,  
I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon  
to me:

Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see;  
Big and yaller and dancing,—I never saw such a  
star,

And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I  
went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders I stumbled and  
pushed ahead:

Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever It led.  
It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and  
pearst and nigh,

Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they  
are stronger now

Than the day I packed her and her mother,—I'm  
darned if I jest know how.

But the doctor kem the next minit, and the joke  
o' the whole thing is

That Cis never knew what happened from that  
very night to this!

But Cicely says you 're a poet, and maybe you  
might, some day,

Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born  
in a curious way.

And see what she says; and, old fellow, when you  
speak of the star, do n't tell

As how 't was the doctor's lantern,—for maybe  
't won't sound so well.

The publishers of this book have evidently made the most of the material at hand; and by spreading it out over as much space as possible, have given it the appearance of quite a respectable volume, while it really contains something less than two thousand lines. There are, if we mistake not, quite a number of American poets who have written single poems, of acknowledged merit, of greater length than the aggregate of all in this volume. But this fact should not detract from the honor justly due to Mr. Harte. He is comparatively a young man, and if his head is not turned by this somewhat premature, if not the least bit inflated, popularity, he may hope for such laurels in the future as shall justify his present fame. If he fully recognizes and respects the law of his own mind, and shall not let any considerations of emoluments or ease turn him aside from the narrow way of discipline, culture, and self-denial—the price that genius itself must pay for the highest attainments—he may yet take a shining place in American poetical literature.

ASPENDALE. By Harriet W. Preston.  
Boston: Roberts Brothers. (S. C.  
Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This is in many respects a noteworthy book. It is a fragment; having an irregular beginning and an abrupt ending. It is a model of logic, but in nothing argumentative;—and yet it is the creation of a thoroughly feminine mind. It takes hold of some of the highest topics of thought, and treats them with masterly dignity and ease.

In every essential specification, this book seems happily conceived. It is a narrative, but not a story. It is theological, but not didactic. It is comprehensive, but in no respect exhaustive. It is a single act from a long play; but an act which almost epitomizes the whole play. Certain views and theories are set forth with unmistakable satisfaction to the author; but supplementing and opposing theories are set forth at the same moment, and with such exceptional clearness and fairness that the reader is forced to examine all with equal impartiality, and then make choice for himself, so slight is the show of preference, so absent all traces of even an approach to prejudice.

A longer notice than we are just now able to give would be necessary to a fair analysis of so thoroughly thoughtful and suggestive a book. We cannot refrain, however, from placing before the reader one or two of the most spirited passages from its uniformly spirited pages.

In this way does the author pay her respects to New England Brahminism and its unhappy apostle. Nothing better of its kind has been written of late.

"And here let me remark [the Doctor is speaking] that the 'Autocrat' never mentions an awkward, ill-dressed, coarse-spoken individual without making him the subject of a joke; without a kind of contemptuous titter, such as we reprove in a school-girl, but which amazed us in a man like this. He talks about the 'worthy young man who was lassoed too late;' and the 'red-handed, gloveless undergraduate of bucolic antecedents squirming in his corner;' and, in short, always speaks of the clumsy and the contrifed in a manner calculated to wound the feelings of those whom he 'hits,'—which to my mind is not a mark of good taste, to say nothing of good breeding. My lot has been cast among the people of 'bucolic antecedents.' Among them were, and are, some of the 'Autocrat's' most constant and appreciative

readers; and I know that his comfortable and indiscriminate scorn was, in the day of it, hard to bear.

"Tis in precisely the same spirit that our critic dwells on vulgarities of pronunciation. Now no one would rejoice more than I to see a thorough reform in this regard. I wish I knew the day was coming when we should be rich-voiced and pure-spoken as a nation, though I'm afraid that the former in our climate is past praying for. There are a good many of us, I suppose, who cringe a little when we hear 'how' called 'hāow' and 'duty' 'dooty,' but we don't all giggle audibly. Somewhere in 'Elsie Venner,' however, our sociologist falls into a patronizing strain, and remarks that 'even provincial human nature has a touch of sublimity in it;' that there were after all in the Revolutionary times, plain officers who talked of their 'rigiment' and their 'cāounty,' who knew well enough how to say 'aim' and 'fire;' and that, though the rustic uniform was not unexceptionable in its cut and trimmings, it was often found, after the battle, with a hole in the left lapel matching another in the brave heart of the plain country major,' etc. \* \* \* I have no doubt my grandfather said 'rigiment.' My dear old grandmother I know did till her dying day. But my grandfather left his plough in the furrow to march with his company to the battle of Bunker Hill. \* \* \* And do you suppose I'll see a smart essayist mount on my ancestor's sacred grave and *apologise* for the cut of his coat and the peculiarities of his pronunciation? Not if I can make his readers see the vulgarity, not to say blasphemy, of the thing!"

And having made this vigorous and successful attack, she follows up her advantage by a direct assault upon the enemy's stronghold:

"One word more! — I named just now the name of Abraham Lincoln. Were you aware that the 'Autocrat' prophesied of him? He did. It was given this social seer, in one of his inspired moments, to say something like the following: 'It has happened hitherto, so far as my limited knowledge goes, that the President of the United States has always been what might be called in general terms, a gentleman. But what if, at some future time, the choice of the people should fall on one on whom this title could not, by any stretch of charity, be conferred? This may happen — how soon, the future only knows. Think of the miserable man of coming political possibilities! — the unrepresentable boor, sucked into office by an eddy in public sentiment. Think of him, and of the concentrated gaze of good society fixed upon the wretched object,' etc.

"Now the crisis, here so pathetically described, was as you know close at hand when these words were written. The hour and the man were almost here. James Buchanan, who, according to all the 'Autocrat's' rules, was a gentleman, went out, and Abraham Lincoln, who could not have stood one of his tests, came in. He came immediately from a 'two-story' house, originally from a log hut. He was unrepresentable. He was a boor. He

sat with his legs crossed. His hands did not take kindly to French gloves. All good society could do at his advent was to turn its eyes away from the spectacle, and sigh for the days of the 'old public functionary.' The new President \* \* \* was not a gentleman. He was only the truest patriot and the whitest soul the world had seen for centuries. He was not a gentleman; but high and low, rich and poor, ran clamoring to him in the hour of mortal danger; and he led this nation, not haughtily as the old-time leaders did, but humbly, as the new-time leaders must, through the valley of the shadow of death. He was not a gentleman. But he spoke those words at Gettysburg which one of the severest literary critics pronounces the finest that ever fell from human lips; and he penned that last inaugural, which a world read in solemn silence, as if with a presentiment that it was his dying prayer. \* \* \* Not a gentleman, but a martyr. \* \* \* O my children, why not choose this night whom you will serve: the mincing Mammon of fashionable worship, or Him who led this greater son of the fathers in the cloud and through the sea!"

GINX'S BABY: His Birth and Other Misfortunes. A Satire. (First American from Fifth London Edition.) New York: George Routledge & Sons. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This is the unique title affected by a recent London publication, which we commend to the perusal of our modern reformers. It inculcates a moral which they could do no better than to lay to heart and inwardly digest — especially those zealots who have an unaccountable itching to tinker our statutes, to the confusion of all the legitimate ends of legislation. This little work is based upon the startling incongruities and absurdities existing in the English statutes, in which are found provisions of a little of almost everything pertaining to the wants of an abandoned and unprotected infant of tender years — except provisions to sustain its little physical life. It is a keen satire and a decided and happy hit at various vexed questions in religion and ethics, raised and mooted by the surrender, by a poverty-stricken father, of his baby, to nuns of the Roman Catholic Church. From them the unfortunate waif on the ocean of human life is taken away; and its subsequent fortunes form the thread of a story, strong enough to string upon it divers discussions by all the modern religious denominations from Quaker to Prelatist. And while the peculiar views of each are very clearly though briefly enunciated — and in all seriousness,

too—such a ridiculous aspect is given to their frivolous but grave deliberations, and such wonderful results logically flow from the premises laid down with so much gravity, as to make a most amusing and readable little book. The topic, to be sure, is one mainly of local interest—of most importance to English people. Still it is so discussed as to excite interest in any thoughtful reader who keeps the least run of the politics and on-goings of the British realm. This satire plainly demonstrates how magnates, as well as humbler people, may take that irrevocable step from the sublime to the ridiculous—of the danger of which poets have sung and orators have declaimed, but which few have shown with more convincing clearness than the author of this little book.

**FAUST: A Tragedy.** By Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe. The First Part. Translated, in the Original Metres, by Bayard Taylor. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

The great reputation of Goethe's "Faust" has seemed a mystery to the reader of English alone; and the idolatrous veneration of the Germans for the greatest work of their greatest poet, has appeared inexplicable. Brooks, Fillimore, and Hayward, one after another, have reproduced in English this wonderful poem. But the grand thoughts of the great master, in passing through the mind of a translator who, however cultured, was yet lacking in the finer faculty of a deep poetic insight, could not fail to lose much of the delicate ideal beauty of the original. Yet in this present translation we have a version of "Faust" as nearly perfect, perhaps, as a reproduction can be. With almost literal fidelity, Mr. Taylor has transferred the form, the thought, the spirit, even the versification, of the original. No doubt one familiar with the German feels occasionally a falling-off in the rendering of some favorite line or passage. It is

impossible it should be otherwise. Every genius has a language of its own in which it robes its thoughts; and no other garb, however beautiful, can so well become them. Yet, comparing this translation with the original, line by line, passage by passage, one feels that as a whole it is an almost perfect reproduction of one of the greatest poems of modern times.

It is difficult to make a selection where every page tempts us to pause over new beauties; but as an example of poetic description, there is perhaps nothing finer than the passage when Faust and his attendant Wagner pause on the hill-side to look back upon the scene below:

Mark how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow,  
The green-embosomed houses glitter !  
The glow retreats, done is the day of toil:  
It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;  
Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,  
Upon its track to follow, follow soaring !  
Then would I see eternal Evening gild  
The silent world beneath me glowing,  
On fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley  
filled,  
The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.  
The mountain-chain, with all its gorges deep,  
Would then no more impede my godlike motion:  
And now before mine eyes expands the ocean,  
With all its bays, in shining sleep !  
Yet, finally, the weary god is sinking;  
The new-born impulse fires my mind,—  
I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,  
The Day before me and the Night behind,  
Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves  
beneath me,—  
A glorious dream ! though now the glories fade.  
Alas ! the wings that lift the mind no aid  
Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.  
Yet in each soul is born the pleasure  
Of yearning onward, upward, and away,  
When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,  
The lark sends down his flickering lay,—  
When over crags and piny highlands  
The poising eagle slowly soars,  
And over plains and lakes and islands  
The crane sails by to other shores.

The publishers of this work have presented it to the public in the same satisfactory dress which gave them so much credit in their recent superb editions of Longfellow's translation of Dante and Bryant's translation of the *Iliad*.



## CHIT-CHAT.

—AMONG our more agreeable friends we count one who, as a dramatic author, has secured for himself a pleasant and a permanent reputation. His experiences with the stage-managers and theatre proprietors of the period have not always, however, been eminently cheering or satisfactory to him. He has a way, when specially indignant, of drawing a droll imaginative picture of an interview between Shakspeare and a modern manager. He supposes the Bard of Avon to be slinking into the box-office, at an early matutinal hour, with the manuscript of "Hamlet"—a new play just completed by him—under his arm. Timidly approaching the proprietor, he hands over the scroll, with the mild suggestion that he would like to submit it to the latter's inspection.

"Here, take this stuff and run your eye over it," growls the proprietor, tossing the manuscript to his stage-manager. "I am bothered nearly to death with such trash."

The stage-manager picks up the roll, and, informing Mr. Shakspeare that he may look in again in a few days, shoves it into his pocket; at which the quaking author humbly withdraws.

It requires a full week for the nervous Shakspeare to screw himself up to the enduring of a second interview; but he finally succeeds in forcing himself to the task.

He is accorded a graciously patronizing reception by the stage-manager, who is kind enough to sit down beside him and follow through the manuscript.

"This is a very fair piece, as a whole," says the manager; "quite well written, and the lines are, I may say, good. The plot, however, is not strong enough, and there is altogether too much talking in the whole thing. Folks don't want to sit and listen to an actor wade through such a grist of slush. Here, for instance, is this soliloquy, 'To be or not to be'; if you'll

cut out the whole of that, you will improve the thing immensely. You can put a *ballet* in its place, if there is any chance for a hitch. And then, too, here is a lot more of nonsense—something about 'Oh! that this too solid flesh would melt.' What's the use of that, anyhow? Better tear all that out and put in a nice cataract scene, for the piece needs more show."

And so the practical and erudite stage-manager hacks his way through the entire five acts of the tragedy, closing his comments by declaring that a spectacular wind-up, "say something like the birth of Cupid in a Bower of Ferns," is all that can save the thing. He then bids the author good-day, informing him, as a clincher, that it will be of no use for him to bring that around for a year or so anyway, as they have engagements with a Dutch comedian, an *opera bouffe* troupe, and a girl that can dance jigs and play the banjo, that will last them all of that time.

Exit poor Shakspeare, resolved to apprentice himself to a hog-driver or a chimney sweep.

—FOR something over three years, now, Dr. Livingstone, the Scotch explorer (we had almost said African explorer), has been disturbing the public mind with the question of his present state—whether it is that of entity or nonentity. Unfortunately the issue itself, which has assumed a new phase at least once a month, has been complicated with certain outlandish geographical names whose orthography and orthoepy are both of the most depraved type. First we would hear that the good Doctor had been killed somewhere beyond Ujjijji; then he was alive and well at Ijjijji; then he had been cruelly slaughtered between Ijjijji and Ujjijji; then he was thrifty and hearty in the vicinity of Ujjijji; again that he had perished of disease at neither Ujjijji nor Ijjijji, but at

some settlement a few thousand miles inland; and finally that he was all right and approaching Ujijiji by way of Ijijiji. This last is as it should be; and we propose that, in order that there be no more trouble or dispute about this matter, the State legislatures and other deliberative assemblies throughout the Northwest, which are so industriously passing joint resolutions on subjects less important than this, settle peremptorily and permanently this question about Livingstone, and cut off all further debate. To put it parliamentarily, we move the previous question on the resolution.

—THE editor of a New Orleans journal has become the inventor of an idea which deserves to go on record alongside of the *idées Napoléoniennes* and the historical *coup* of Columbus whereby an egg was made to stand on end. The idea which this Southern genius has invented is destined, moreover, to work great results in moral, political, industrial, geographical science—may be. It is evolved out of the discovery of what the discoverer calls a “psychological phenomenon” which has manifested itself among our German-born fellow-citizens. Our philosopher has found:

1st, That the Teuton is prone to kill himself as the sparks to fly upward.

2d, That he does it chiefly in the Northern States.

3d, He does it *because* he lives at the North.

Whence is derived the grand central and climacteric idea that the Teuton should move South at once. He would thereby, it is claimed (having also gone to work at manual labor), not only keep himself out of mischief, but in good spirits; and, as our philosopher gravely adds, “the competition is comparatively small.” This aspect of honest industry in the South has struck many observers before now. The people of that section have always manifested a generous forbearance in regard to competition in manual labor, and would doubtless allow the transplanted Teuton to work as much as he pleased without interference.

Having shown that there have been one hundred and twelve suicides committed in New York within the period known as

“recently,” and assumed that those suicides resulted from want of work, the writer cited further states, on what authority we know not, that fifty-five of those one hundred and twelve suicides were perpetrated by Germans; and immediately deduces that, *argal*, the despondent Deutsche should bury his grievances and forthwith transplant himself to Southern soil, “where industrious laborers run no risk of being thrown out of lucrative employment, and where,” as already remarked, “competition is comparatively small.” It may be added that what little competition there is comes mostly from darkeys, who never were thoroughly admired by the average Southron, and who, having no constitutional tendency to suicide, would not be cherished and guarded as tenderly as their German competitors.

All these facts the psychological philosopher considers to be “a valid argument in favor of German immigration to the South.” But he unaccountably omits the strongest argument of all why persons liable to the *felo-de-se* fever should migrate to the South at once. This argument we proceed to supply by citing another “psychological phenomenon” which prevails in Dixie. If the Teuton’s suicidal tendency springs from a desire to end his days, such a desire will, in the natural course of events in Louisiana or Texas, undoubtedly be gratified within the first few weeks after the immigrant arrives. The facilities for terminating the existence of newly-arrived Northerners are most complete, and no immigrant who desires to be launched into eternity with neatness and dispatch need pine or linger long for such a consummation. If he engages himself as a laborer, he has only to express himself to his “boss” or his employer after the fashion in which laborers are accustomed to talk in these ungenial Northern latitudes, and he will be punctured at once, without expense to himself for powder or ball.

On the other hand, if the unhappy class which our philosopher has discovered do their shooting merely because they desire to shoot somebody, and because there is no one except themselves handy by for a mark, they can be better accommodated at

the Sunny South; for there are always plenty of "niggers" about, and it is always in order to shoot one or two of them. Thus easily and harmlessly can a shooting propensity be gratified at the South, whether the proprietor of the propensity desire to be the shooter or the shootee. By all means, let all persons contemplating suicide, or about to embark for eternity of their own free will, go South without delay!

—FROM a voluminous department in one of our most ably-managed religious contemporaries, we clip the following momentous religious intelligence. The department is entitled "News of Our Churches."

"Rev. Mr. Morgan, of Dowagiac, received a substantial if not elegant gift of a nicely-dressed hog recently."

—WHAT occasioned Nilsson's illness? is the question which appears to be agitating the souls of two-thirds of the admirers of musical genius in the country. Rumor says that drinking the unhealthy water of St. Louis resulted in inflammation, so that at one time the membranes of the poor *déa's* stomach were as raw as an Abyssinian's beef-steak. Strakosch allowed this rumor to circulate, much to the detriment of our staid sister city's reputation; but we are prone to believe that another trouble was the cause of the malady. Nilsson's sickness was, we opine, occasioned by her having been forced to sing so many abominable trashy songs written for her by the rightfully impecunious composers of the various places at which she appeared, and foisted upon her too-indulgent attention. If a bad dinner may ruin the health of an alderman, why may not a stupid ballad throw a *prima donna* into a distemper? And yet such is the stupidity of average mankind that a majority of the public have thought that Nilsson, not the insipid song writers, was the party flattered by this gush of fifth-rate twaddle. We even know of one instance in which a so-called composer caused the story to be circulated among his friends that he was giving Nilsson lessons in harmony! He had been hectoring the blonde warbler

every day for a week to sing one of his milk-and-water compositions, or stealings, and had so far lost his sense of decency as to allow his friends to think that his presence at her hotel was a desirable favor instead of an insufferable nuisance. No wonder that she grew sick!

—IT is the purpose of this paragraph to call the attention of Miss Logan, Mrs. Stanton, and other lovely young damsels who go about the country peddling prurient lectures and "reforming" people at fifty cents a head (reserved seats extra), to the fact that a champion wrestler at Pittsburgh has become disgusted with his calling and resolved to follow a more respectable one henceforth. Also, to suggest to those ladies, if they should happen to be set to thinking by this fellow's good example, and conclude to emulate the same, that an opportunity for friendly strife in another and more salutary sphere is now presented at Columbia county, Wisconsin, where a philanthropist named Wood has offered liberal premiums to the ablest makers of cheese and milkers of cows; the said premiums to be competed for at the next county fair. It is specified that the milkers shall have practiced their art at least five months out of six, and upon five cows each. It is also required that they shall be *young* ladies; but we trust that this does not rule out the ladies to whom our suggestion is addressed.

—EVERYBODY knows Columbia—not only by name and general reputation, but "by sight," as the saying is. She has become as familiar as the familiarest household word, through the efforts of Mr. Thos. Nast, the serious caricaturist, who has depicted Miss Columbia in a hundred or more cartoons, and always so plainly that no one need ever mistake for Britannia, or Liberty, or Justice, or any other metaphoric female, that sharp-featured, large-armed, full-busted figure, with the swelling skirts, streaked off with one broad fold, which runs in a curvilinear direction downwards, and expresses much grace, strength, and cheapness of execution. The crown and the metallic zone are also characteristics not to be forgotten, and all can

be readily recalled to mind by any industrious peruser of the illustrated papers, even though he have his eyes blindfolded and his hands tied behind him.

The last cartoon in which fair Columbia appears represents her in the act of patronizing and protecting a downcast mortal who is reviled and threatened by a ruffianly mob of exaggerated Irishmen and other European characters. The features of the fallen wight whom Columbia is so spiritedly protecting, particularly the leering eyes, the bald pate, and the short moustache, bespeak Ben Butler as plainly as A B C; but a close examination of all the accessories indicates that the artist intended to depict John Chinaman in the act of being persecuted by the ignorant laboring population. Undoubtedly the country will hear from the distinguished Congressman, who will in a scathing "personal explanation" denounce in fitting terms the author of the Nasty caricature which attempts to pass him off for a "Heathen Chinee."

—It seems to be a fact that legislation is more a matter of habit than of necessity. While the Illinois solons are laying out a session of a year or so, those of Minnesota, who are by organic law limited to sixty days, have been resorting to all sorts of excursions and diversions to pass away even that length of time. They go free on the railroads; but the people are satisfied that, even if they had the expenses of the legislators to pay, they could afford it better than to have them pecking away at the statutes all the time of the session.

—How ruthless these modern idol-demolishers are growing! The savage iconoclasts pitilessly assail each revered tradition of history with their disgusting array of suborn facts, and one by one we see the pleasant fictions of the past ground to powder impalpable. William Tell was a myth, tender Pocahontas a humbug, Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays, Richard the Lion-Hearted was a chicken-livered miscreant, Robin Hood a dirty cut-throat, and so on to the end of the inexorable chapter. Vainly do we protest, for the more we plead the uglier become these relent-

less wretches. But our faith in the wheel that is ever turning and ever bringing stern justice to the uppermost, abates not. Our revenge lies in the shadowy future, and we gloat over the perturbation that is to fasten upon the student of a few hundred years hence, as he fruitlessly seeks to ascertain whether Charles Dickens or the good Bishop Simpson was president of the Erie road. We revel as we think of the topsyturvy world of A.D. 2,000, with the image-breakers of the coming time, as they prove by facts indubitable that Grant never touched a cigar in all his life; that John C. Heenan was president of the Chicago Sorosis; that Isabella of Spain was never guilty of endeavoring to conduct a Utah on reversed principles; and that Napoleon III. threshed William Rex stone blind.

—TIM RYAN, who assesses property for taxation in the County of Allamakee and State of Iowa, has reduced the science of assessment to a simplicity and symmetry which challenges the admiration of all. Here is his *modus operandi*, as deduced from a recent treatise in a Du-buque paper:

Tim takes up his station at the entrance of a whiskey saloon in whose beverage he can, as a public official and a connoisseur of liquors, confide, and awaits the arrival of the yeomen of his district, as they come into town to trade. One of them arriving, Tim commences his assessment. "Jerry," he asks, "how many cows have ye?" "Let me see," says Jerry; "I have five." "Five, is it? Now I'm as dry as a fish. Suppose we take a drink and call it *two*." The drink is taken, Jerry, of course, paying the scot. The assessment then proceeds: "How many steers have ye?" "Six." "Oh, now, Jerry, let's have a drink and call it *calves*." Another drink and the assessment continues: "How many sheep have ye, Jerry?" "I have fifty." "Fifty, is it? Well now fifty sheep is enough to ruin any farmer. Let's have a drink and call 'em *lambs*." In like manner the reaper is converted into a cradle, the threshing machine into a fanning mill, etc., the farmer's taxable property being dissolved, as it were, in alcohol. But both farmer and assessor are rich as

lords by the time the assessment is concluded, notwithstanding the fearful depreciation which has been going on in Jerry's farm stock. The saloon-keeper, too, makes money by the operation. Why don't Mill and Carey and Greeley go to Allamakee county for political economy?

— IT WERE heresy to imply that under our democratic rule a man may, by virtue solely of being permitted to consider himself a sovereign, come at last to be as stupid as were any of the veritable crowned heads of yore—not excepting even his most pudding-headed majesty, George III. We know of many individuals whose ideas of a land of freedom are of one in which the word of a human mule must be considered as good upon any subject or subjects as is that of persons who by training and intuition do really know something of the matter in hand. Such an one said to us the other day that Mrs. Bowers' version of "Elizabeth" was "nice," but that he thought Lucille Western's "East Lynne" was "deeper." Shades of an histrionic Daniel come to judgment! We meekly ventured to suggest that competent critics had pronounced the former drama and its rendition a piece of superb dramatic conception; while that most people of sense considered the latter as a morbid chunk of nonsense. "What of that?" bristlingly replied this exponent of red republicanism; "aint this a free country, and aint one man's opinion just as good as another's?" Not wishing to be branded a traitor to the land of our birth, we allowed his query to go unanswered.

— THERE seems to be a remarkable change among the clergy on the subject of mirthful enjoyments. The time was when a mere smile on the countenance of the minister betokened to his parishioners some lingering trace of total depravity. Sobriety was made to mean sorrow and long-facedness; but that day has passed, and the educated sentiment of the people is more liberalized, so that now the preacher can put on a good broad grin or laugh out heartily without being summoned before a council to answer for a religious misdemeanor.

What can be more disconsolate to an audience than to see a clergyman come before them on a bright Sabbath morn, dressed in a neat suit of black, with his face shaven as smoothly as a woman's, and with a sad dejected look take his text, from Jeremiah, "Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people"? The text is no sooner read than the sermon is introduced by the cheering sentiment, "*My dying friends.*" What a chill must come over the heart on hearing such gloomy ideas! We do not object to a proper degree of gravity and decorum, but to see a minister, whose mission is "to bind up the broken-hearted," so much under the despondent cloud as to give everybody the blues, and make one feel the sorrows of the grave, is not so pleasant. No wonder dyspepsia is a favorite disease among ministers!

Would it not be better to appear with a cheerful expression, as though there were good news from a far country? Nature is full of life and beauty, and breathes inspiration into every true heart. The forests resound with the anthems of love, and the winged choirs warble forth on the pure air, songs of peace and praise. The streams at our feet glide sweetly along under banks of flowers, lifting up now and then the rippling wave to kiss the morning rays of a summer's sun. No one, then, has a better right to be buoyant and cheerful than he who stands as minister to bear offerings of grateful praise to the all-Father above.

— RICHARD WAGNER, after a lapse of about eight years, has just had his second hearing in Chicago—the selection being his best opera, "*Tannhäuser.*" As may readily be surmised, the performance, by Mr. Maretzek's travelling company, was not by any means adequate to the severe demands of the work; nevertheless there were very praiseworthy efforts towards doing the composer justice, and the attempt was successful to a degree which justifies those who heard in coming to some sort of a conclusion relative to the rationale of Wagner's school of music.

"No, don't, I beg you, form any conclusion," cry the composer's admirers, of whom there is no lack; "what can you judge from a single hearing? and how can you pronounce on a work written for ten times the *personnel* and *materiel* which it employed here? Do n't judge; it is n't fair to judge," etc., etc.

Now, this very defence should accuse Wagner of one of his worst faults, which is making demands upon the opera manager, and therefore on the public, which more than commensurate with what he, the composer, has to give in return. If Mr. Wagner writes operas which all the world, outside of Berlin, Paris, Leipsic, and London, must forego on account of inadequate facilities for representation, then Mr. Wagner must not only do without the praise and patronage of the rest of the world, but he must expect, in the ordinary exercise of human nature, to incur the rest-of-the-world's dislike for catering to four favored cities, to the exclusion of the rest-of-the-world—a very respectable element, which all other composers have felt bound to take into their account; all others except Meyerbeer, and he has, very unlike Wagner, while making exorbitant requisitions upon the manager's resources, shown the most sedulous regard for the free and momentary impulses of his auditors, by regaling their ears with fresh melodies at almost every step, by inventing constant surprises in rhythm, in orchestral coloring, etc., whereas Wagner leaves his public entirely out of the case, and wrestles with his librettist in a steady struggle from overture to finale. The effect on the ear, even of the cultivated, is that of fatigue and unrest, caused by the necessary constant attention to the declamation of the singer—or shall we say chanter?—and the obstreperous self-assertion of the orchestra. This all arises, Wagner's friends will tell you, from the composer's conscientious devotion to his theory that the musical score must be simply an echo of the sense of the verbal test—a stately and glorified echo, but still merely an echo. For the singer to pause and launch into a ballad at a critical point in the action is, they say, absurd. Of course it is absurd; but a certain pro-

portion of absurdity is an essential element of opera, and if there be no more absurdity allowed—if there be no more cakes and ale for the lyric stage—then we had better leave opera to the Italians altogether, and betake ourselves to symphonies and quartets! For it is surely absurd for a company of actors to sing their ideas at great expense of lung-power and of time, also, when they can speak them much more distinctly—and expeditiously, too, leaving the audience to go about their business at the end of an hour, instead of holding them three or four!

Wagner's critics must credit him with these merits, which have served to make three of his operas—"Tannhäuser," "Flying Dutchman," and "Lohengrin," not only endurable, but in many respects attractive, and which have done still greater good in their influence on the opera writing of the last two decades—noticeably on Gounod, who has written the only opera worth hearing within that period:

He is master of musical declamation, and most scrupulous of the mutual fitness of sound and sense—of score to situation.

He is both bold and skilful—but sometimes more bold than skilful—in the massing of resources for climax effects. (Instance the *Saengerfest* scene in Tannhäuser.)

His melodies though few and rude, are extremely rugged, standing out like the figures in a cartoon of the old masters.

And he is conscientious and elaborate in his orchestration—filling up all the details, and avoiding the trite conventionalisms which so tire the ear in most popular operas.

On the contrary, Wagner's advocates must admit that he is barren in that most essential element of music, whether of the past, present, or future—melody.

That, whether because of this or because of his theory of operatic writing, it matters not, he fatigues both performer and auditor by his never-ending strain of recitative—and people do not go to opera to be fatigued.

That he exercises the intellects of his hearers so much as to leave no play of the sympathies, which last is his professed

*point d'appui*, and is, of course, the real end of all dramatic composition, whether lyric or spoken.

That the reward which the auditor receives for his effort of analysis is shabby in comparison with the effort itself.

That the same faults serve to so exhaust the artists who do these intoned dramas as to rob the performance of that spirit which is essential to a strong effect.

That, as before mentioned, he makes too imperious a demand upon the purse of the manager.

That, in short, he has designed upon his trestle-board, for the occupancy of the human passions, a house which there are no artisans to build, no tools to hew withal, and no stones sufficiently massive to lay in its walls; which its intended tenants would not love to occupy if they might, and which is founded on a false theory, and must some day fall to the ground anyhow. There will simply be some splendid ruins left.

—THE Mobile "Register," representing the fiery, untamed spirit of the proud South, exclaims, "We are conquered, but not cowed." The latter portion of this statement is confirmed by a paragraph in the same paper, saying that milk is twenty cents a quart in Mobile.

—TEXAS is progressing—that is clear. In a single day, recently, her legislature passed acts organizing the public school system, chartering two or three railroads, and ousting a mayor for allowing his police to maltreat a negro. The Lone Star is in the ascendant.

—CAN it be that the pawnbroker's sign of three golden balls comes from the most charitable of sources? Nearly every one has undoubtedly wondered what the origin of this singular symbol of "mine uncle" really is. There was at one time a vulgar rumor that the three balls—two above one—meant that "it was two to one that you never take out what you put in"; but we could never bring ourselves to the acceptance of this uncomfortable doctrine. Mrs. Jamieson tells us in her "Legends of Italian Art," that St. Nicholas, who was so

charitable as to have become the patron saint of the poor people, is always represented with three golden balls in his mitre, in recognition of having saved a family of three girls from dishonor by giving them three purses of gold. It is pleasanter to think of the pawnbroker's sign—if it can be pleasant under any circumstances—as of this origin, and this would also account for the French title of *Mont du Piété*. The theory could only be justified, however, by Christian pawnbrokers, and it is doubtful whether there are any of these.

—"PUT money in thy purse," said Iago. "But how is it," asks a poor fellow, "when one has no money?" "Or no purse?" adds a still poorer one, who is evidently the happier of the two, for his remark shows both humor and cheerfulness. Diplomats, however, will no doubt prefer to take the advice which Polonius gave to his Laertes on setting out for France:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy: rich, not gaudy."

But these young Laertes are wont to assert of late that their purses are no longer able to meet the demands of the times and society. It is not the tax-ridden American citizen alone who now complains of the increased cost of living, but an entirely different class—the high diplomacy, and the diplomacy of the wealthiest nation in Europe at that! The British Minister of Foreign Affairs has instructed his representatives abroad to report on the economical and financial conditions and wants of the different stations, and extracts of the replies received at the Foreign Office from all parts of the world have been published in the English papers. They give some interesting facts.

Lord Loftus reports from the capital of Prussia, that in the commencement of his diplomatic career he could live on about \$2,000 a year, now it requires over \$3,000. His lordship quotes two witnesses on the German side—Mr. Magnus, Consul General, and M. G. Bunsen, a member of the North German Diet. The former says: "I still remember the day when a man with 100,000 thalers was considered rich; now he can hardly afford to keep house."



Mr. Bunsen writes: "Living has become 90 per cent. dearer." From Vienna, also, Lord Bloomfield reports an increase in living of from seventy to eighty per cent. in the last twenty years; and he assures the Foreign Office that all his *attachés* are compelled considerably to exceed their salaries. Sir A. Buchanan tells a similarly doleful tale from St. Petersburg. He says that the most frugal of his single men requires about \$6,000 a year. In brief, to read these tales of woe, one is tempted to believe that there is not a more miserable being in European society than the budding diplomatist, and that Mr. Odo Russell is quite right in cautioning against entering this dangerous career all who have not a private income of at least £1,000 a year. But what is all this misery compared to the excruciating sufferings to which an inhuman Foreign Office dooms its diplomatic martyrs on this side of the Atlantic? Mr. Thornton writes from the Potomac that a young member of his embassy, if a bachelor, may perhaps live on \$3,000 a year; but if married, and with a small family, it will cost him no less than \$6,000. Nor does this include dress, carriage-hire, and other incidental expenses. The chief of these unhappy exiles encloses a letter from Riggs, the Washington banker, who testifies that the society among which a member of the *corps diplomatique* is expected to move, has increased its luxurious style of living beyond all precedent.

No less considerable is the difference in South America. In Rio Janeiro, attests Mr. Mathew, living is double what it was two decades ago, and a young diplomatist cannot get on without from \$3,500 to \$4,000 a year. An ancient Polonius in Buenos Ayres relates that twenty years ago £1,000 a year would have been a good income for a large family, while now a young couple without this sum must withdraw from society. Interesting statements are contained in the reports from Caracas and Venezuela. Bread is there, as it were, a foreign product, because the flour comes from the United States.

We cross the Pacific, and loud complaints resound from the Chinese coast.

Bread is from five to eight cents a pound; mutton from twenty-five to forty cents per pound; coal twelve dollars per ton. Such, be it remembered, are the prices at which these articles are sold in the markets to the Chinese servants: their British masters have generally to pay them twice and thrice over—being ignorant of the language and the country. It is hardly a consolation, however, to know that the natives understand how to adulterate food quite as well as their honest Christian brethren, and are very much given to selling the flesh of diseased animals. A piece of mutton is so essentially bone that most people who want a decent chop prefer to buy a whole sheep. Fowls being sold by the pound, it is natural that the dealers should supply the deficiency in feeding, artificially—by rubbing in sand. According to the authority of the English Consul at Amboy, Mr. Pedder, a dollar in China is what a shilling would be in England: Mr. Mathew goes further, and intimates that in some places only the sovereign is the equivalent of the shilling.

This is the uniform tenor of the plaintive reports sent from the different stations in all parts of the world to Downing street; and young gentlemen ambitious to serve the state will therefore do well to heed the advice of Iago, six times repeated—"Put money in thy purse," for there is little hope that their case will find much sympathy with those who hold the national purse-strings. As many of the arguments urged against compensation must naturally apply with equal force to any possible increase of the diplomatic budget, ambassadors, secretaries, attaches, consuls, *et al*, will probably continue to immolate themselves on the altar of their country without being soon relieved of their present misery. Let them, however, take comfort in the favorite saying of the eulogists of the "good old time," who maintain that our grandfathers and grandmothers were happier in their simple circumstances and with their fewer means and wants than we are, and that the splendor and fulness of our outer life signify nothing after all.